

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine  
For All The Family*

DECEMBER 6, 1923  
VOLUME 97, NO. 49



COURAGE! WHAT IF THE  
SNOWS ARE DEEP·AND  
WHAT IF THE HILLS ARE  
LONG AND STEEP·AND THE  
DAYS ARE SHORT AND THE  
NIGHTS ARE LONG·AND  
THE GOOD ARE WEAK AND  
THE BAD ARE STRONG..

COURAGE! THE SNOW IS A FIELD OF PLAY.  
AND THE LONGEST HILL HAS A WELL-WORN  
WAY·THERE ARE SONGS THAT SHORTEN  
THE LONGEST NIGHT·THERE'S A DAY WHEN  
WRONG SHALL BE RULED BY RIGHT..SO COUR-  
AGE! COURAGE! 'TIS NEVER SO FAR FROM  
A PLODDED PATH TO A SHINING STAR

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

## **BUCKSKIN AND DESERT**

*By Joseph T. Kescel*

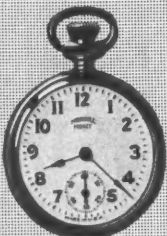
This dramatic serial story will begin in the Christmas Number, December 13. It is a tale of the Western mines and mountains, of Dal, a manly, resourceful hero, of his Chinese friend Lee and of Mexican Pete, their enemy. It is the sort of story to make readers wish The Companion were a daily.

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# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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**A**MONG the homely mementos that Grandmother Ruth has left us is a quaint little leather-covered trunk, studded with rows of brass-headed nails. In it are packed away seventy-one old Maine Farmer's almanacs, accumulated year by year during the more than three score years and ten of her married life at the old farm.

Why had all those old almanacs been so carefully preserved? Pencil on the margins of the pages opposite the days of the months are the notable happenings at the farm during all that long period. With Grandmother Ruth, as with many other housewives of her time, the almanac was the repository and record of domestic events,—good for reference in after years.

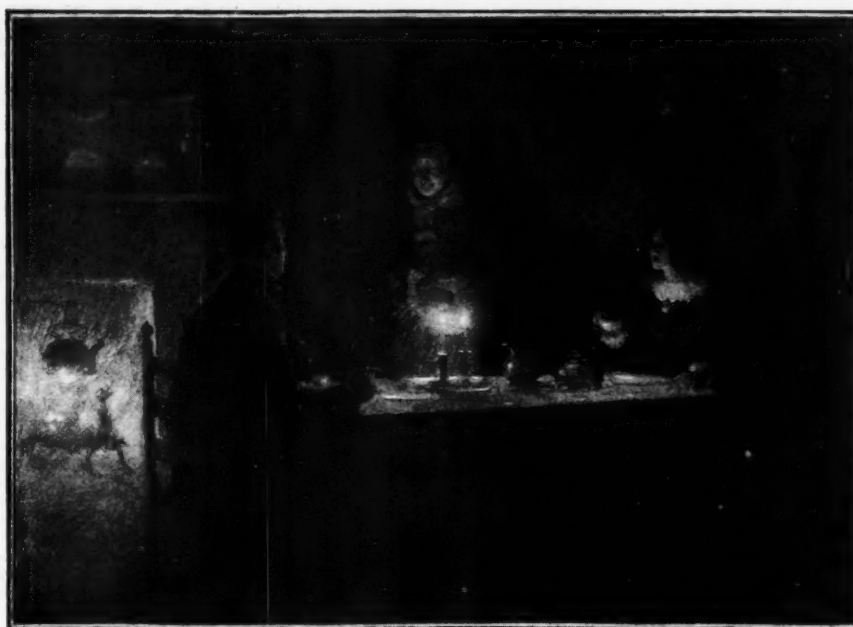
A few years ago while I was moving the trunk to another shelf in the attic the rounded lid came off in my hands and several of the almanacs slid out. I glanced curiously into one of them. "January, 1842." Down the page of dates were the astronomical signs, the festivals and the weather predictions. "Cold Snap. High Wind. Great Snowstorm. Cloudy. Warmer. Rain or snow." What faith men reposed then in almanac makers!

Far more interesting were Grandmother Ruth's notes on the margins. She wrote a little firm, fine hand in those days, and it was still legible. "Jan. 6th. Good sleighing. Joe and I start to drive to Con. to visit mother." "Joe" was the then young old squire, and "Con." stood for Connecticut, where Great-grandma Pepperill lived. "Jan. 7th. Lost Billy. Had to give up going and walked back home." "Jan. 10th. Oh, what a surprise!"

Thereby hung a tale evidently, and then I remembered. Years before in my boyhood, while I was recovering from the measles, sitting bolstered up in a rocking chair before the sitting-room fireplace, Grandmother Ruth had beguiled one miserable afternoon by telling me that story. It all came back now, though I had not thought of it for thirty years.

Billy was their horse—Billy Whitefoot, a tall, strong sorrel, six years old and a pacer. They had raised him from a foal, often pampering him with nubbins of corn, carrots and sometimes chunks of maple sugar, of which he was inordinately fond. He had been away from home only a few times and because he had been petted so much was generally homesick till he got back. Not even in the summer time when turned out to pasture, could he be kept from the barn overnight. For truth to say, Billy was something of a jumper. It was a high gate or high bars that his long, lithe legs could not clear.

When Billy got old enough to be driven in harness he repaid them for their petting and tidbits by transporting them to and from the village six miles away, or even on trips to Portland, at a pace that was the envy of their neighbors. He was so strong that a light wagon or sleigh with two persons in it was no burden at all for him. For ten miles at a stretch he would pace away at a three-minute clip and show scarcely heightened wind. In fact Billy enjoyed a bout like that; it took the kinks from his long legs. Until



DRAWN BY CHARLES LASSELL

"Wal, you did stop here," he said. "Didn't believe you would"

the time of the entry in the almanac, however, no one except the old squire or Grandmother Ruth had driven him. Billy knew the feel of no other hands than their's on the reins.

During the early part of January that winter of 1842 there were fair, cold weather and good sleighing throughout New England. Young Grandmother Ruth had not been home to visit her folk in Connecticut for five years, and she was beginning to repine over the long separation, the more so since Great-grandma Pepperill's health was not so good as usual and she had of late expressed a wish in a letter that Ruth would come home. A journey from Maine to Connecticut, however, was a far greater undertaking then than at present. The distance is fully two hundred miles. Few railways had been built in New England, and two hundred miles is a long distance to travel with a horse.

But the fine sleighing tempted them to set out. Billy, they thought, might make it in five days. They could remain a week at Mother Pepperill's and be at home long before the end of the month. Jonathan Edwards, their neighbor and Grandmother Ruth's brother-in-law, offered to look after their herd at the barn during their absence. Aunt Anice Edwards consented to care for my little Uncle Coville, who then was in his fourth year.

They set off therefore with light hearts, taking two bushels of oats for Billy under the sleigh seat and a gallon can of maple syrup as a present to the folk in Connecticut. Both wore minkskin caps, and both had buffalo-skin coats—garments of buffalo skin were common in those days when vast herds of the shaggy creatures still roamed the western plains. Moreover, they had two bearskin robes, one on the seat and one in front of them. It was a pretty fine rig in fact, one not to be ashamed of before the Connecticut relations.

Fresh from his stall, longing for exercise, Billy tore away with lively jingle of bells over the hard-trodden road. For several miles he wanted to run and was held in only with considerable exertion on the old squire's part, with now and then a quieting "So, Billy!" from Grandmother Ruth. Before twelve o'clock they were at Fryeburg and took dinner at the old Oxford Tavern. Then they paced on again, crossed the state line into New Hampshire and by four in the afternoon were well down in the Ossipee region.

January days are short. Sunset surprised them while they were traversing a long stretch of woodland near a large pond. They knew little of the country ahead, and where to put up for the night was a matter of interesting conjecture. Presently they overtook a lame tin peddler with his cart on a sled; he had stopped to repair a broken whiffletree. Of him they made inquiry.

"Wal, Bixby's tavern is two miles further on at the crossroads," replied the itinerant. "That's whaur I'm headin' fer. But I dunno's you'd want to stay thar," he added, looking them over critically.

"Why, what ails Bixby's?" the old squire asked.

"Oh, nothin', I guess."

the peddler replied and turned his attention to his whiffletree.

Thereupon Billy paced on to Bixby's. They did not quite like the looks of the place. The tavern was a two-story structure of unkempt appearance with a large barn a little way in the rear. Grandmother Ruth wished to drive on, but the chance of their finding anything better ahead was uncertain; moreover, they had come a long way that day, dusk was falling, and the evening was sharply cold. The old squire thought best to stop there.

The interior of the tavern was even less prepossessing than the exterior. Mr. Bixby himself was a stout, frowsy man of coarse manners who looked like a hard drinker. The guests looked like their host. Supper, for which grandmother and the old squire had to wait nearly two hours in a chilly, dingy "parlor," was, as another traveler remarked, "the worst that money could buy"; the food was greasy, sodden, unappetizing and withal nearly cold. Grandmother Ruth was disgusted; she scarcely tasted it.

While they were at table the lame tin peddler came in; he had just arrived. He grinned appreciatively when he saw them. "Wal, you did stop here!" he said. "Didn't believe you would."

After supper the old squire went to the barn to look after Billy and see that he had his oats, water and hay and that he was properly blanketed. Grandmother Ruth went along with him. Billy was visibly glad to see them, for he was homesick. Grandmother had brought him two lumps of sugar from the table, and he rubbed her cheek with his pink nose.

"Nice horse you've got there," said the boy who was serving as hostler; and three or four men who had come in with teams looked Billy over as the old squire was caring for him. The sleigh, the robes and the harness they had to leave with the other sleighs, puns and sleds on the floor of the barn in front of the horse stalls.

The chilly sleeping room that the tavern keeper finally assigned them was of a piece with the rest of the establishment; the bed was hard and was scantily supplied with covers for a cold night. The room, moreover, appeared to be directly above the bar room,

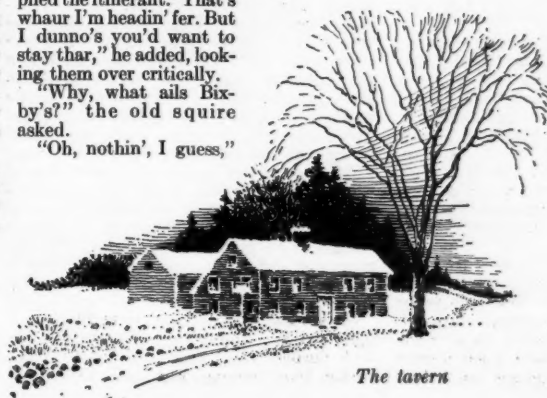
where a good deal of loud, rough talk was going on till late.

They fell asleep at last and, being young then, no doubt slept soundly. But along in the small hours of the night Grandmother Ruth waked suddenly and roused the old squire. "Joe," she whispered, "some one has just driven out from here, and I heard Billy whicker!"

"Maybe somebody who is getting an early start away," the old squire replied sleepily.

"I'm quite sure it was Billy's whicker," said Grandmother Ruth.

"Well, maybe. One



The tavern

horse will often neigh to another when they're separating."

"But it sounded right out below our window," grandmother insisted.

"I rather think, Ruth, you must be mistaken," the old squire replied and fell asleep again. At last Grandmother Ruth also fell asleep.

A little before six o'clock while it was still dark the hostler boy came to their room and knocked. "Your boss is gone!" he shouted through the door.

"There, Joe!" Grandmother Ruth exclaimed. "I told you I heard Billy! He has got out of the barn!"

The old squire dressed in haste and followed the boy out. The matter proved to be more serious than they at first had feared. Not only was Billy gone from his stall, but sleigh, harness and robes were missing. Some one evidently had stolen the entire rig!

Mr. Bixby and others now came out. "What kind of people do you harbor here?" the old squire demanded hotly. "My team was in your barn and in your care as an innkeeper. I shall hold you responsible!"

But Bixby sullenly denied all responsibility. "I can't keep thieves from coming here," he said. "You run your own risk."

The old squire questioned everyone at the tavern but could learn nothing. Grandmother Ruth thought that Bixby and others there could have told them more if they had had a mind to do it; she was firmly convinced that they were shielding some one. The lame tin peddler was the only one who really sympathized with them. "There's always a tough gang hanging round here," he said aside to the old squire.

Bixby finally sent to Ossipee for the county sheriff, who came about noon and looked the premises over. "The rogue has got six hours start," he said. "There's been no snow lately. We cannot track him. He's a long way off by this time, probably heading for Boston where he can sell the horse and sleigh."

In those days there was neither telephone nor telegraph in the back country. Tracing a horse thief was difficult. In the afternoon the old squire went to Ossipee and to Wolfboro, where he posted written notices, describing Billy and offering fifty dollars reward for information that would lead to the recovery of the horse and sleigh.

Meanwhile grandmother was passing wretched hours at the tavern. All the hope and joyous anticipations of the visit home to Connecticut had fled; she and the squire couldn't go on. Moreover, the room was cold and untidy, and the people below were not such as she liked to mingle with. The woman who waited on table seemed to be of the same loud, coarse sort as the men. It would not be strange if grandmother shed bitter tears. She was indeed glad to have "Joe" return during the evening.

That was truly a place for homesickness. Neither of them doubted now that Billy Whitefoot, not liking to be harnessed or driven by a stranger, had called out to them as he passed beneath their window to the road. It wrung their hearts to think of his being driven away and perhaps cruelly used by horse thieves.

They passed another uncomfortable night there, and in fact remained till the morning of the ninth, making constant inquiries in the hope of getting some clue. But they learned nothing, and, as it seemed useless to stay longer, they set off directly after breakfast to walk home. The weather had turned cloudy and bleak, so cold that Grandmother Ruth declared she had rather walk than drive, even if they could hire a conveyance. She was young and strong. "If you can walk it, Joe, I can!" she exclaimed. "Let's not stop once till we get home!"

The distance home, however, was fully sixty miles; but the old squire thought they might go as far as Fryeburg that day and, if all went well, might reach home by the next night. So away they set forth and even ran down the hills for the first hour or two, glad of the brisk exercise, which took the chill of Bixby's cold rooms out of their blood. In fact they were soon warm enough, for buffalo coats, though excellent for driving, are too heavy for running even on the coldest of days.

By ten o'clock they had crossed the state line somewhere near Brownfield and felt glad to be in Maine again; New Hampshire had given them a sorry welcome. At a settler's house where they called about noon they were able to bargain for a lunch of fried venison, brown bread and ginger tea. It had

begun to snow, but they hastened on and, though the storm increased as the afternoon passed, reached the Oxford Tavern at Fryeburg just at nightfall. They had come fully thirty miles and needless to say were weary. For the past two hours the snow, not to speak of the buffalo coats, had made walking very hard for them.

The storm continued during the night. By morning six inches of snow had fallen, and there were no signs of clearing. Plucky Grandmother Ruth would have set off, but the old squire decided to stop over a day at Fryeburg. The tavern was a comfortable, cozy place, little enough like the cheerless Bixby's.

The day passed, and they were at dinner in the dining room, when suddenly they heard a familiar voice in the outer office, making inquiries for them. They hurried forth and found Jonathan Edwards from home! His first words were: "Well, well,

you're safe and sound, aren't you! Thank the Lord for that! We've been terribly alarmed!"

"But what started you off to come here?" the old squire cried.

"Why, just at daylight this morning," Jonathan replied, "Billy came home on the gallop with only the saddle part of his harness buckled round him and the holdbacks swinging loose! He was tucked out and all of a lather from running. We thought you had had a smash-up, and that Billy had got away and left you somewhere on the road, hurt perhaps! So I hitched up my horse and started out to find you."

Unfortunately, Billy could not tell what his experiences had been. Clearly he had traveled all night at high speed, and how much longer they could only conjecture. He had broken loose somewhere and had made for his Maine home. Had he run away, kicked the sleigh to pieces and disabled the rascal who was driving him into captivity?



One Juan Miguel Dolores



OCASIONALLY you find communities that the march of progress has passed by and that as a result still retain the customs and usages of a bygone day. Such a spot is Maraquitas County, a barren rectangular relic of the old West tucked in an obscure corner of the apron of Texas, some miles inland from the Gulf of Mexico and a like distance from the Mexican border. Its peaceful life continues after the fashion of a generation past, and its people, a handful of ranchers and twice as many Mexicans, agree or disagree, as it happens to be, strictly among themselves, with little care for what the rest of the world may be doing.

Two years ago an institution of that community was Don Keaton, sheriff. He has since retired, but in the thirty odd years that he held office he ran his county literally rather than figuratively single-handed—no easy task, considering the racial propensity of the peon to fight and also to acquire some one else's property.

In the years of his office-holding the sheriff was humored, loved and in some quarters cordially hated. He was a big bluff man with iron gray hair and the "long horn" mustaches of the true Westerner of an earlier day. He was whimsical, hot-tempered, extremely warm-hearted and possessed a strong sense of duty.

In the year before the sheriff retired he was threatened with disgrace. He had heretofore been ordinarily successful in enforcing the eighteenth amendment, but a letter from the capitol at Austin informed him that his county was a rendezvous for wholesale liquor smuggling, and that, if the traffic was not stopped, the higher authorities would be forced to take a hand, and that if they did his reputation would suffer seriously.

After the sheriff had recovered his temper, which took some time, for the letter had inflicted a sore wound on his pride, he set out with the intention of bringing the liquor smugglers to justice in a hurry. "I'll get every last one of the dogs and drag them in by the ears!" was the way he repeatedly expressed it.

He worked four weeks, staying on the job night and day, and did not find a single clue. And during that time the letters from Austin kept coming, and each succeeding

one was more imperative than its predecessor. It began to look as if he should have to call upon the state for help—a proceeding that would have galled him considerably, for it would be the first time in thirty years that such a thing had occurred. The thought so increased his irritability that as the fifth week wore on he became very unpleasant company indeed.

At the end of that week the sheriff desisted from his search long enough to arrest one Juan Miguel Dolores for the theft of a calf that evidence clearly showed Señora Dolores had converted into *chili*. The trembling Juan, ever protesting his innocence, told the sheriff a bit of news regarding the smugglers, the first definite clue he had got in more than a month of hard work. While on the far side of the country Juan had seen an airplane pass overhead. The machine was traveling toward the northern part of the county. Also he had heard his friends talking about the mysterious bird that brought *tequila* and *mescal* and other things dear to the Mexican heart.

Considering this clue, the sheriff involuntarily released his hold on Juan's collar, and Juan made a speedy escape. The sheriff did not bother to pursue him. He had other things on his mind, and besides he could pick up Juan some afternoon when he had more time.

Aéroplanes were out of the sheriff's line. Horses and a certain ubiquitous automobile he knew and understood. It again looked as if he should have to call on the state for help. He puzzled over his problem for the best part of a day before the solution came to him. Why not combat the smugglers with their own weapons, aéroplanes? he acted at once and ten minutes later was in telephonic communication with the Air Service Border Patrol station at Laredo. After he had explained his trouble they asked him one question: "Where can a plane land near Carsonville?"

"In the centre of the race track two miles south of town," was the reply.

"All right. Catching smugglers is out of our line, but we shall be glad to help you. Have one hundred gallons of light stove gasoline and five gallons of heavy motorcycle oil at the race track at once. We'll be up there right away."

In huge satisfaction the sheriff made his way to his battered old car and set out to

"Hope so!" Grandmother Ruth exclaimed in hot resentment. "Hope he kicked him to Kingdom Come!"

Grandmother Ruth never easily forgave her enemies, at least not till after she had had time for pious reflection.

The old squire thought it more likely that Billy had broken away from his captor while being harnessed or unharnessed during the second night after being stolen.

Zero weather prevailed the next morning, with high winds following the snowfall, but they succeeded in reaching home during the day. Billy they found contentedly munching hay in his stall, none the worse for his adventure. He whickered joyously when Grandmother Ruth appeared at the barn with a lump of sugar for him.

The trip to Connecticut had to wait till the next winter. Nothing was ever learned concerning the sleigh and the bearskin robes, or about the cherished can of maple syrup.

## SAND IN THE GEARS

By James Sharp Eldredge

find fuel for the coming aéroplanes. "One hundred gallons of gas is a lot," he reflected. "They must be going to send up a whole flock of machines. We'll get those smugglers in a hurry and show the smart Alecks at Austin that we border people can take care of our own affairs."

In the most pleasant frame of mind that he had enjoyed for weeks the sheriff parked his car at the entrance to the race track and waited for the machines from Laredo to appear. Already he saw visions of a triumphant reflection.

A low droning in the distance attracted his attention, and he looked up from his daydreaming. To the south he espied a small speck high in the air. It came rapidly closer, materialized into a tiny aéroplane that circled above the track for a few moments, then glided swiftly down, just missing the fence at the far end, and landed daintily. The motor coughed a few times and subsided as the machine stopped rolling, and a young officer leisurely alighted, removed a helmet from a shock of sandy hair and strolled over to the welcoming sheriff. They shook hands.

"My name is Carrol," said the newcomer in response to the sheriff's greeting. "Lieutenant Carrol. They told me that you needed a hand up here."

Keaton's jaw dropped. His eye traveled slowly from the pilot to his machine, a diminutive scout plane with a wing spread of twenty-five feet. Then the smile faded entirely, and a look of intense disappointment replaced it.

"Are you all they sent?" he asked incredulously.

"Why, yes. Won't I be enough?" asked the young fellow in an astonished tone.

The sheriff's vision of an air fleet that he would direct vanished, and with its passing his anger rose. "Suffering mavericks, no!" he roared. "I ask for help in an emergency, and they send me a freckle-faced kid and—he looked scornfully at the tiny machine—"a blooming flea! Shades of the Alamo, this isn't a joke! It's serious, man; it's serious!"

He looked again at the pilot, looked at him for several seconds, then turned away in disgust.

Lieutenant Carrol was unprepossessing. He was undeniably young, and his appearance did not inspire confidence. He was bow-legged and under medium height; his eyes, which were light blue, looked as if they had been unduly exposed to the sun and had faded; and as for his face—"Looked like a cow had spit bran in his face, he was that freckled!" was the sheriff's description when he told the story later.

Young Carrol, however, refused to be squelched. Stepping over to the plane, he rummaged about for a moment until he found a large, rectangular photograph on heavy cardboard and handed it to the sheriff. "That is an aerial photograph of your county," he said. "Here"—he indicated a small cluster of roofs in the lower corner—"is Carsonville, your county seat. Here is the race track where we now are." Seeing the astonishment in the sheriff's face, he added, "The Air Service has the whole border photographed, you know."

The elder man saw more of his county in

the "airscape" than he had been over in his thirty years' service. There, faithfully recorded by the all-seeing eye of the camera, were details that he had long since forgotten. Then Carrol spoke again:

"I think that the men you are after have been in communication with each other by wireless. They have a station here and one across the border. I looked up our records before I left and found that in the past four or five weeks our radio operators have picked up several odd code messages that were traced as coming from the northeast and the southeast of Laredo. That puts it right in your vicinity. You see, if they had a station, —and they do have one beyond a doubt,— they could keep track of your movements and operate when you were far away from their depot, wherever that is. It would be an easy matter for a plane to creep across at a high altitude at daybreak and escape observation from the ground. They may even come over at night. The proper course is for us to find their landing field, put their wireless out of commission and capture them when they land."

"Simple, isn't it?" said the sheriff sarcastically. "Just like falling off a log with your eyes shut! Nothing to it, and it's all I've been trying to do for a month! They're not landing round here anyway. I've been over every foot of the southern part of the county."

"How about the north?"

"Nothing but hills and rocks. Barren as the moon. You couldn't expect a plane to land there."

"I think I'll take a look up there anyway," said the pilot, still unruffled. "Might see something. Come now and help me to get started."

The grudging sheriff received a brief but practical lesson in starting an aeroplane motor, and the little craft took to the air.

He "nursed a grouch" for the better part of an hour before the aeroplane returned. This time Carrol left the motor idling and approached the sheriff at a run. His eyes were shining as he handed the elder man a map.

"I found them all right," he said. "See!" He indicated a small cross at the edge of what appeared to be a water course. "There is the wireless. It is portable, and the instruments are carried in an automobile. They have telescopic poles for their antenna. There were four men around the car when I passed over. Now look at this water course that runs right along by the car; it is wide, dry and straight, and the bottom is well packed sand. Does that mean anything to you?"

"Dry River!" exclaimed the sheriff in amazement. "Who would have thought it? They are landing on the river bed!"

"You never looked there, did you?"

said the pilot triumphantly.

"Well, no." The disgruntled sheriff shook his head. "With the exception of the river bed there is not a spot in ten miles where a plane could land."

"I'll grant you that," said Carrol. "But we must act quickly. The time to catch those fellows is right now. They saw my plane and know that no border patrol ship would be snooping so far north of the line on a patrol flight. If we don't act at once, they'll escape!"

The official scratched his head. Events were moving too fast for him. Here he had been laboring on a big case for weeks, and a mere youngster had appeared and unraveled the mystery, making the game as simple as horse-shoes! "But," he managed to say, "suppose they keep on transmitting and warn the others who are across the border and then escape in the car?"

"I have thought of that. As soon as you start I'll fly up there and put their wireless out of commission. Then I can land farther up the water course and meet you, guiding you to the spot. If they try to run away in their car, I'll keep track of them and drop you a message giving the developments."

"All right, my boy," said the sheriff. "I'll try it. I'll still have to contend that the whole business seems pretty far-fetched, but I'll give it a fair trial."

"That is all I ask," replied Carrol. "Only hurry up!"

The sheriff was as good as his word. Gathering a posse took a remarkably short time, and before Carrol had refilled the tanks of his machine with oil and gasoline the posse was ready to go. "I'm taking two automobiles," said the sheriff, "so that if one goes bad we

*His plane was a twisted pile of wood, fabric and metal*

DRAWINGS BY  
RODNEY THOMSON

can keep right on." He reached for the aerial photograph. "We'll have to strike the river bed three miles above the location you have marked. We can't drive the cars through by a direct route. That means that we must make twenty-two miles over some of the roughest country in the whole state, but we'll get there in an hour or bust something."

The cars departed in a swirl of dust. With the assistance of some bystanders Carrol started his machine and took to the air. When he was five hundred feet up he unreeled his antenna and, adjusting his set to its maximum output, proceeded to send a succession of meaningless signals. He well knew that the men on the ground would be listening to him. That was exactly what he wanted, for so long as they were tuned in with his set they were not likely either to receive or to transmit any message.

He again found the hidden wireless without difficulty and, holding his machine at an altitude of fifteen hundred feet, circled above the car, sending out an unceasing stream of signals. Then he began to spiral downward, finishing in a sudden dive.

Almost before the men below realized his intentions he was less than two hundred feet above the ground and was sweeping toward them at a speed in excess of a hundred miles an hour.

He came closer. He slightly changed his direction, dropped a hundred feet and then pressed hard on the radio key. In that instant half of the shining phosphor-bronze length of the antenna, dragging across the aerial of the "bootleggers," made a perfect contact and sent a high tension current into the delicate receiving set. Then Carrol began to climb, well knowing that the "bootleggers" receiving apparatus was wrecked beyond hope of immediate repair.

The incident came as a complete surprise to the men on the ground. With the exception of two they stood motionless. One was the radio operator, who with the headset strapped to his ears sat on the rear seat of the car. When the antennae crossed he rose unsteadily and clapped his hands to his head. The other man, who was standing on the ground, jerked a rifle to his shoulder and fired. It was only a haphazard shot, but the bullet shattered the propeller of the speeding plane.

As there were only two hundred feet between himself and the approaching mesquite, Carrol did not have a chance to save his plane. When he had cut the switch of the racing motor there was just time to stall the machine into the top of a spreading mesquite tree on the slope of a rocky hill.

There was a terrific jar, a crackling of branches, a smell of spilled gasoline. Then, somewhat dazed, Carrol pushed his way through the mass of wreckage, bruised but unhurt. His plane was a twisted pile of wood, fabric and metal—totally unlike the dainty ship that had swooped to the mesquite a few short seconds before. The buckling of the wings and branches about him had absorbed the shock of his fall, and for a wonder the seat that he had occupied was the only part of the plane that was even remotely recognizable.

As his head cleared Carrol heard a crashing of branches and shouting in the distance and knew that the men from the wireless set were coming. He had no mind to be a captive for several hours; he had no reason to expect good treatment from the hands of the "bootleggers." For an instant he listened to determine the way his pursuers were coming. Then he climbed to the cockpit and took from it a small bag of tools that had been strapped to the rear seat. Having carried the tools well away from the shattered plane, he lighted a match and coolly tossed it into a pool of gasoline at the base of the shattered tank. There was a puff of black smoke, and the plane burst into flames.

Carrol grinned. "I'm gazing on my funeral pyre now," he said half aloud. "At least I hope they think so."

Then he jumped suddenly toward the wreckage only to stagger back from the heat. He had forgotten to secure his pistol from the pocket in the side of the cockpit. It was too late now. The crackling of the brush came closer, warning him to escape. So with a last regretful look at the plane, which was now burning freely, he plunged into the underbrush.

The half mile to the car that housed the wireless Carrol traversed at his best speed to the accompaniment of an almost constant popping of the machine-gun cartridges in the burning plane. As he had expected, he

found the car unoccupied. Without stopping to inspect the apparatus, he chose a pair of cutting pliers from the tool kit and snipped the connections to the aerial. Then he turned his attention to the motor and the ignition leads in many places. Then he started toward the river bed by a circuitous route.

Before he reached it he heard the sound of an aeroplane motor. A glance upward revealed a large plane coming from the south. It was traveling at a high altitude and was headed directly toward the site of the hidden wireless. When it was above the river bed it circled and as if in response to a signal from the ground began to descend swiftly.

As it came lower Carrol observed that it was not an army plane. He crept closer into the shelter of a scrubby cottonwood as the machine made a wide circle and floated down to the river bed. Then he plunged on through the underbrush until he reached a position on the bank where he could look out without being observed. His eyes glistened as he scrutinized the details of the machine. It was of foreign make and of a wonderfully fast and efficient design. He knew at a glance that it was fleetier even than his little scout had been.

There was a large cabin in the rear part of the fuselage of the new machine. The compartment was roomy and carried a good-sized cargo of contraband. Carrol's eyes narrowed as he beheld three men alight from the plane and join four others who suddenly emerged from the undergrowth. That made a total of seven—probably the whole gang—and no sign yet had he seen of the sheriff and his posse! The odds were too great for Carrol to attempt anything single-handed; besides, he was unarmed. He again reproached himself bitterly for his forgetfulness in not getting his pistol, regardless of all else.

From the smugglers' movements he judged that they were all going to embark for Mexico in the big machine. They appeared in excellent spirits. Still there was no sign of the sheriff. Carrol groaned. Soon he should be left with a burned plane, a wrecked radio outfit and failure in his task!

Then a daring thought struck him. Why not? There were other ways of putting an aeroplane out of commission besides shooting at it. But he should have to act quickly. He backed into the underbrush and circled the plane cautiously, working out the details of his plan as he traveled.

Ten minutes later he was again on the river bank, this time about three hundred yards below the smugglers' plane. He had picked a good position. The river bed was perhaps one hundred and fifty feet wide at that part, just wide enough to allow the aeroplane to roll safely down the centre. A quarter of a mile farther below it came to an abrupt end. Carrol knew that the pilot of the big machine would plan to take off toward him, which would bring the big plane abreast just about the time it left the ground. Carrol looked round and chose three stones. They were nearly round and of such a size that he could grasp them conveniently. By the time he had found the third the sound of the motor of the big plane increased as it headed down the river bed. There were several sharp blasts from the engine as the pilot jockeyed the machine into position in the exact centre of the narrow space. Then came the steady roar that told of the start.

Carrol waited tensely while the plane bore down on him. Closer and closer it came. Then he rose from his hiding place and stepped out on the river bed. He stopped a short distance from the bank and waited, swinging his right arm easily.

As the plane came nearer it seemed as big as a man of war! Then Carrol threw the largest stone of the three—threw it straight at the gleaming disk



*Then Carrol threw the largest stone of the three*

Rodney Thomson

of the whirling propeller, the vulnerable spot of an aeroplane, and dropped flat on the sand.

He could not see the result of his handiwork for the wing of the plane passed over him. But even above the roar of the motor he heard a splintering crash, then a tenfold increase in the bellow of the motor and knew that his missile had sped true. He straightened up in time to see the machine, which was a few feet above the ground, waver uncertainly and as the sound of the

motor died away settle again to the river bed. It bounced, struck the side of the bank at the bend and nosed over with a jerk.

Carrol started to run. The posse, all crowded into one automobile, rounded a turn in the river and almost ran into him. As they slowed down he managed to swing aboard.

"Speed up!" he shouted. By that time the sheriff had recognized the plentiful crop of freckles beneath the

coating of dirt, blood and perspiration on the new passenger's face and with a curt word had the posse make ready their weapons.

Carrol stopped them some distance from the wrecked plane. "Go straight through the brush for a hundred feet and you'll find them all at the car."

The posse streamed up the bank and surprised all seven of the smugglers. They were making furious but ineffectual efforts to

start the radio car. The capture took only a few seconds.

As they were preparing for the homeward trip the sheriff called the elated posse together. "Boys," he said, "this youngster has just asked how he can get back to Laredo. I told him that I would get him there if I had to carry him myself. He had me bluffed at first, but I'll have to admit that he certainly knows how to throw sand in the other fellow's gears!"

## THE NATURE OF MARS



By G. H. Hamilton

IN the days of Paul Revere and at a period when the world was still measured by the time necessary for a man to change his environment by horse or foot tales of distant lands held for all of us a wondrous charm. Now when we exceed Jules Verne's *Around the World in Eighty Days* and have fathomed the mysteries told of in Captain Nemo's wonderful voyage in the *Nautilus*—to say nothing of the aeroplane and the wireless—this earth of ours has dwindled, and we are looking outward to the universe beyond, striving to find and comprehend new mysteries. Our world has ceased to be an ever-enlarging home, ready and willing to grant us new joys and adventures as it did to the explorers of old. Exploration now must find other worlds in which to work.

Historically also the earth has lost its throne. From being the centre of the universe, with the sun and moon and stars hung out by day and night for the use and guidance of mortal man, we find it an insignificant cosmic grain revolving endlessly round another of larger dimensions, which is capable of giving off heat, and which we term the sun. The sun itself is only one of myriads and, compared with the others, is below the average in size. It can hardly be expected then that the earth is the only planet that contains life, or that the universe in its immensity has been formed solely for our own use.

It is fortunate that the telescope was discovered before the world had closed in upon us as I have already described; for the telescope at once enabled us to probe the vault above and the universe beyond in an endeavor to find other regions for exploration. The planet Mars afforded us a fertile field of investigation, looking down at us as it does from outside space—a complete world in itself, undergoing the same seasonal changes as our own and basking in the same sunlight that gives life and happiness upon earth.

To the eye alone Mars shows simply as a large and brilliant ruddy star wending its way slowly among the stars as it majestically travels round the sun in a period nearly twice as long as our own year. In the telescope it appears as a globe floating in space, and we can watch it turn upon its axis and thus bring into view successive regions upon its surface, just as we should see the earth slowly revolve if we were able to step off into space and look down upon it from a distance.

To one who has looked upon Mars for the first time its surface seems to be composed of continents and seas, and, reasoning from analogy, people at first supposed that continents and seas were really there. With further improvements in the telescope it was found that there was considerable detail to be seen on the dark areas of the planet—a circumstance that precludes the possibility of their being seas; and the larger and more extended light areas are of such a color and permanency of form that it is apparent that they correspond to the desert tracts that we know of in various parts of the world.

We often hear of the polar snow caps of the earth, though we ourselves are not able to see them. It is a curious thing that the contours of those icy caps on earth at different seasons of the year are not so well known as the contours of the icy caps upon the planet Mars. We stand out in space and view the Martian poles and draw them; thus we get complete records of their waxing and waning as the year completes its cycle upon that planet. All that we know of our own polar caps we learn from various and incomplete polar explorations usually made at the

same period of the year. They tell us little about the poles and the effects that they may have on the weather. The flora and fauna that compose the life of this world of ours exist in all probability because those large deposits of snow and ice keep an equable temperature over the planet.

The exploration of our arctic regions is so difficult that astronomers now study the Martian poles from a mean distance of some sixty million miles in the hope of understanding not only what occurs on Mars but also the problems attached to our own polar regions. That the polar snows produce a marked effect on the terrestrial climate cannot be doubted; but here on earth they are tempered by the oceans that surround all the habitable lands. For the waters of the oceans store the heat of the sun and give it out more slowly than the land itself does. Thus the winters are less cold than they otherwise would be, and in summer the oceans never become so hot that they cannot

*Mr. Hamilton, who is connected with the Harvard Observatory in Jamaica, has had exceptional opportunities to observe and reflect on the mysteries of Mars*

Mars on the other hand is lacking in oceans. Since the planet is smaller than the earth, the force of gravity at its surface is much less than what we are accustomed to; it is only about four-ninths of the force of gravity here. Therefore it is incapable of retaining such an atmospheric covering as we find at sea level; its atmospheric pressure is supposed to be only about three inches of mercury, or one tenth of that found on a normal day at the seashore. Hydrogen gas is also lost from its surface much more quickly than it is on earth, and for the same reason. Being one of the components of water, hydrogen has been gradually separated from it and lost, never to return. Thus through the ages the seas upon the Martian surface have gradually dried up until at the present time there is no vestige of them left—at least no vestige of sufficient size to be recognized through the eye of the telescope. It will become apparent then that the earth and all that is upon it are dependent on the seas

is not absolutely clear evidence, since irradiation produced by the brilliant light regions might fully account for the phenomenon, just as we see it in the case of the crescent moon as we look at the "old moon in the new moon's arms"; for we easily recognize that the sunlit part of the moon seems much larger than the earthlit part. Nevertheless, it is almost certain that the dark areas on Mars are the dead sea bottoms; owing to their lower altitude the atmosphere is denser there than on the desert parts, and what moisture is on the planet would tend to form or gather there and make the region more capable of supporting plant life.

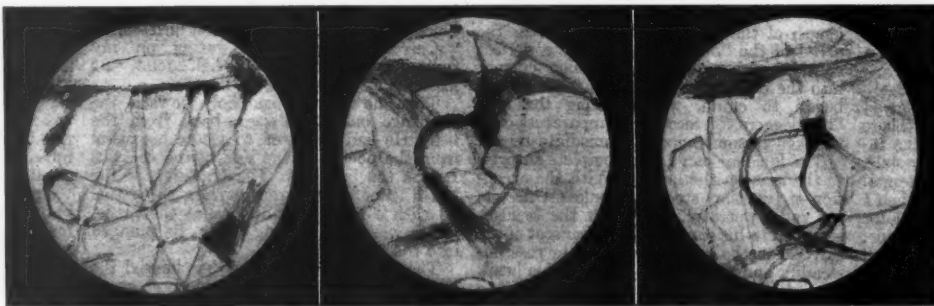
Vegetation reveals itself as masses of color without detail. We all are familiar with the wonderful changes that valley and hillside undergo with the seasons. In winter the plains are either white with snow, or else the bare trees show drab against the withered undergrowth. In spring the buds grow, and as the first foliage bursts forth the drab changes to a wondrous green and so proclaims the action of the strengthening sun and the warm rains of April. Summer is characterized by heavier tints, and, looking at a hillside from a distance, we can hardly tell the coloring from black. Autumn is to some even more profoundly beautiful; the gold of the aspen intermingles with the red of the oak, and all clothes itself in chocolate tints—a mixture of the various colors found before the falling of the first flakes of snow. In such manner do the large dark areas upon the face of Mars change with the seasons.

Mars with its vegetation proves itself akin to earth in yet another manner, but this time from a fact the very opposite of what we find at home.

The growth of plant life starts first, as we know it, in the warm regions of low latitudes—I am not speaking now of the tropics, which know no winter, but of those regions that suffer from the rigors of at least some frost. As spring and summer advance we find an onward march of growing things northward following the sun. That of course is owing to the strengthening of the rays of the sun and the warming of the ground, but without rain plant life would lie dormant. On Mars as spring appears plant life does lie dormant near the tropics—exactly what we do not find on earth. Vegetation starts near or round the melting polar cap and gradually moves down towards the equator opposite the motion of the sun. It has been found that it takes some fifty-five days for the vegetational areas to darken at the equator after the first signs of growth have appeared at the pole.

Mars is not overburdened with rain, and for that reason plant life cannot start elsewhere than at the poles. When the snow melts water is unlocked from the arctic regions and shows itself to us as a dark blue band surrounding the melting cap, but is never seen at the freezing pole in autumn. The water enables the vegetation to start its growth, and as more and more water comes from the fast disappearing snows the planet is clothed in verdure.

Change such as that upon a planet, whether viewed from near at hand by its own inhabitants as on earth or studied through the telescope from another world, denotes a temperature in conformity with the facts observed. It has been thought that because of its greater distance from the sun Mars is wrapped in intense cold, never going above the freezing point and usually far below zero. But at temperatures such as that no changes could be detected. All of us know



April 13, 1920

April 23, 1920

May 24, 1920

THESE three drawings show the Syrtis Major, the largest dark area on Mars, and give a good idea of the wonderful changes that during 1920 occurred in it. The white spot is the real cause of the changes, obliterating as it does a great part of the Syrtis. The drawing of April 23 shows Syrtis as it usually looks near the center of the disk or at high noon for that region. The drawing of April 13 gives an evening effect, and there is a corresponding effect in the morning. The drawing of May 24 is unusual in that the white has persisted until noon; as a matter of fact, on that day it never left the Syrtis from morning until night.

It is thought by some that this white patch is frost, which melts as the sun rises and forms again in the evening. It will be noticed, however, that this white is in the northern hemisphere near the equator, and that it is summer in that hemisphere. The polar cap is at the bottom, as in the telescope the image is inverted and north is always at the bottom. It will also be noticed that the polar cap is, as it should be at this season, at its minimum. How then can the equator of the planet be cold enough for frost, when the polar cap is melting, as is shown by the dark band surrounding it, and when the region between the cap and the white patch is obviously free from anything of the sort.

My own notion about the matter is that this is cloud left over from a usually cloudy night sky, or formed at dawn and dusk at the rising and setting of the sun. From the splendid views I have had of the phenomenon everything points to its being cloud and not frost or snow. Besides here in Jamaica at latitude 18° you often see the same thing; anyone viewing the earth from outside would certainly be hunting for the most difficult explanation if he inferred that what he saw was snow!

G. H. HAMILTON.

have a cooling effect on the lands they surround. That phenomenon is brought about by the radiation and absorption of heat by the oceans, helped in turn by the conveyance of the heat through the atmosphere (convection) and also by the ocean currents carrying heat to different parts of the world. The Gulf Stream is one of the best known of those curious ocean rivers, which, themselves composed of water, flow through the waters of the seas for vast distances without intermingling, retaining a sharp and defined boundary. The boundary between the stream and the ocean proper can be recognized not only by the difference in temperature but by the sharp change in the tone and the color of the two waters.

rather than on the polar caps for the moisture and the temperature that constitute its climate, whereas on Mars it is the polar caps that govern the progressive and living changes that we see upon its surface each season.

Evidence indicates that the dark areas we see on the planet are vegetational, and that those areas are at a lower level than the surrounding, lighter-colored plains. It has been noticed that when the areas are on what is called the terminator, or the dividing line between night and day when the sun is just setting or rising, the apparent edge of the planet is indented at those points—which would show the difference in altitude between the light and the dark regions. That

that in winter at a time when there is constant frost the landscape remains continuously the same; no change appears unless it be a further fall of snow; and it requires the heat of the sun to soften the fixed contours of things, and that only at a temperature above the melting point of water. Men of science have tried to account for the polar phenomena at least by saying that the gas carbon dioxide, when subjected to intense cold, forms snow that cannot be distinguished from snow formed by water at a much higher temperature. They reason that the Martian poles are formed of frozen carbon dioxide, and that the snowcaps undergo seasonal changes at a temperature in conformity with the freezing of that substance, which they say composes the greater part of the Martian atmosphere. They forget the band of moisture seen round the melting cap in spring and summer. It is a property of carbon dioxide to change at once from a solid to a gaseous state with no intermediate liquid form, unless at great pressure; for that to occur on Mars it would require an atmosphere many times more dense than that on earth and a surface gravity far in excess of our own. Both those requisites are lacking on Mars, and therefore, if the poles are formed from the snow of that gas, there should be no dark band formed round them. The band exists, and water is the only solution to the problem. With water in a liquid state upon Mars the temperature must approximate that known on earth.

At the distance that Mars is from the sun the temperature upon its surface should be much less than the temperature on the surface of the earth. Considering the distance of the sun from us as unity, or 1, the distance of the sun from Mars is approximately 1.5. Heat and light vary inversely as the square of the distance from the source, or

in figures Mars receives  $\frac{1}{(1.5)^2}$  the amount of heat that the earth receives. That is  $\frac{1}{2.25}$ , or a little

less than one half. It is no wonder then that so many people think that the planet must be cold and dead. To explain the law of the variation of heat with distance we need only realize that heat leaves the source in straight lines that emanate in all directions from the point of source. It can be seen then that at a given distance from the source a fixed amount of heat reaches and covers a certain given area. At double the distance the same heat would have spread out in space so that it would cover four times the area, and each unit of area would therefore receive only one-fourth as much heat at double distance

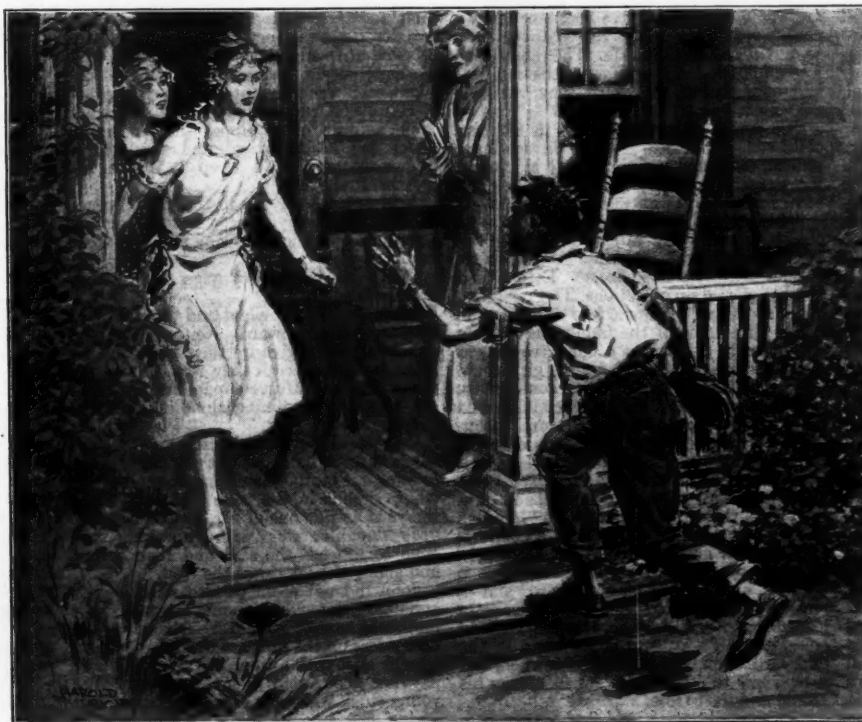
as at unit distance; that is,  $\frac{1}{2^2} = \frac{1}{4}$ . Facts

as we see them on Mars point to quite a different state of affairs, for the planet seems to receive as much heat or nearly as much as the earth. How then to account for it? Atmospheric covering and its constitution may do so in various ways. The fact that we can see fine detail upon the surface means that the atmosphere is very transparent, and that it will allow the rays of the sun to reach the surface easily and so warm it, just as they reach and warm the high altitudes on earth. With a nearly cloudless sky in the daytime Mars can receive a considerable store of heat. It would be lost by radiation at night if the atmosphere remained as clear and cloudless as in the day, but we have evidence that the nights may be cloudy and so trap the heat in its atmosphere until the rising of the sun on another day. In that manner Mars might very well be a storer of heat rather than a loser. But there is one consideration that has not been much talked of and that may account for nearly the whole of the seemingly extra heat that Mars possesses. It is this: The solar constant of radiation, or the real temperature of the sun, is yet unknown, and there has been great controversy over the subject. What amount of heat does the sun really radiate outward into space? All we can measure is that which reaches us through our atmosphere; of that which our atmosphere reflects we know nothing. The earth light, as we see it on the moon, gives us some of it, but, if there is an appreciable quantity that cannot in any

manner pass through our atmosphere, it could not do so after being reflected again off the surface of the moon; thus we should be ignorant of it. It may well be that our atmosphere keeps us cool, and that the surface of Mars obtains quite as much heat from the sun as we have heretofore been able to measure for ourselves. The atmosphere of Mars, being less dense than our own and probably constituted in a little different manner, may well allow much more of the radiant energy of the sun to pass than we know of.

The desire for new things that forces most of us to wander far afield either in person or by means of the imagination—that wonderful faculty so little made use of!—is amply gratified in the study of this twin sister of our world out in space.

It would be well to quote Prof. W. H. Pickering on the subject: "Mars is to many persons the most interesting body in the heavens, chiefly because it exhibits phenomena that we cannot explain unless we assume that life in some form or other exists there."



"I'm all right!" he gasped, seeing their concerned expressions

## The EDGE of RAVEN POOL

By Augusta Huiell Seaman

### Chapter Nine. Marm Debbie's Secret

THE summer waxed and waned. It was toward the end of August, and Wilmington Island lay in the grip of a terrific spell of heat. Life lagged along fitfully, and every one was content to do as little as possible and try to keep cool. The very water of the creek was warmer than tepid, and swimming in it was not invigorating. The girls confined their swimming to early mornings and evenings and remained within doors during the greater part of the day.

To all outward appearance life had gone on that summer in precisely the same grooves as before. And yet from the time of the hurricane and its subsequent startling disclosures three of the inhabitants of the plantation had had but one absorbing interest: the finding of Alan Ravanel's treasure. As day after day went by without success they were gradually forced to believe that either no such treasure existed or that it was so well hidden that they would never be able to find it.

In the beginning Miss Spencer had decided not to take anyone else into their confidence; the matter was too intimately involved with her own long-since buried romance. She did, however, tell Uncle Neb that they had recently learned that there was a hidden treasure somewhere about the plantation, that Marm Debbie had known its hiding place and that they wanted his help in finding it. Her reason for doing so was that the three of them alone could not conduct so arduous a search, and she knew that Uncle Neb would be faithful and would neither ask questions nor tell tales.

They had first searched every nook and cranny of the plantation house. Next under the pretext of having a new floor laid in Marm Debbie's cabin Miss Spencer had

Uncle Neb take up the old one, and they poked and dug in the sandy soil without the slightest result. After that there remained the vast expanse of all outdoors, and they were appalled at the area their search must cover. Miss Spencer argued that it was unlikely that Marm Debbie and Alan had had time on that fateful night to dig in the ground and bury the treasure, for the task would doubtless have taken too long and would have left obvious traces. Since that seemed to be the case, they had no need of digging up any part of the plantation. The girls spent many weary hours scrambling through the woods and underbrush on the place, getting scratched and torn and dishevelled, but reaping no reward. Then Miss Spencer had Uncle Neb descend into an ancient well and grope about the bottom, and when that too proved fruitless they had reached the end of their resources.

"Could they have thrown it into Raven Pool?" cried Theo in despair.

"If they did that, it is lost indeed!" answered Miss Spencer. "You know as well as I do, Theo, that the pool is very deep and is fed by some underground spring. Anything that falls in there disappears forever. Marm Debbie knew that perfectly, and so, I am quite sure, did Alan. No, the pool is out of the question. I admit that I have almost given up hope. Either Marm Debbie had some hiding place so secure that no one but herself could ever find it, or else they were unsuccessful in hiding the money, and Jasper's men got it after all."

After that the blazing Georgia summer descended upon them, and all were glad to spend the greater part of the day indoors or on the now-restored front veranda. The treasure hunt was virtually abandoned.

And so the somnolent days drifted by.

In the early part of August there came an unexpected bit of news. Miss Spencer had not had an answer to the letter that she had sent to Alan's sister and had at last concluded that she must either have died or long since have left her Paris home and could not be found.

One afternoon, however, Miss Spencer looked up from the big pile of letters that Uncle Neb had brought down from Thunderbolt and said quietly:

"Girls, I have something to tell you. This letter is from Mademoiselle Ravanel, Alan's sister. She writes that at the time my letter came, in May, she was very ill and did not expect to recover. She did recover, however, but has only recently been able to attend to her correspondence. She tells me she is deeply grateful for what I wrote her of Alan's last days here. She never knew exactly in what circumstances he left this country for his own—because he never reached his home alive. The siege of Paris shut the Ravanel family into the city before they could receive further news of him; and during the siege her father passed away without the satisfaction of having been able to see for the last time his only son. A few months after the siege was over mademoiselle received a call from an officer in the German army, who said he had news for her. He told her that during the second week of the siege a young Frenchman in disguise was shot at and mortally wounded while attempting to get through the German lines and into the city.

"The young man lingered a few hours before he died and told the officer that he was Alan Ravanel, and that he was trying desperately to get into the city to see his dying father. He requested the officer, who must have been kindly disposed toward him, to convey the tidings of his own death to his family whenever it should be possible. Also he tried hard to make him understand that he wished the news conveyed also to some one else; the officer thought the name sounded like 'Adelaide,' in Georgia. But at that point Alan became unconscious and never spoke again. The officer had him buried in the village where his troop were stationed and saved his watch and a few other trinkets to return to his family when the opportunity came. It so happened, however, that the officer was removed to another part of France before the end of the siege, and the chance to fulfil his commission did not arrive till months after it was all over.

"Mademoiselle Ravanel says she could never find out who 'Adelaide,' in Georgia, might be. Her brother had seldom written home during his travels. His mail was always sent first to New York and from there was forwarded to him wherever he might be. She had not even realized that he was in Georgia during the latter part of his stay. She herself had forgotten that they had distant relatives in that state. And finally she says that among the trinkets that the German officer returned to her was a locket containing a daguerrotype portrait of a young woman. She has taken out the little portrait and returned it to me, thinking it may have been the 'Adelaide' he spoke of. Here it is."

She handed them a little oval piece of metal; the picture on it was so faint that only by holding it in a certain light could they see it at all. But there was no mistaking the beautiful and striking face framed in the old-fashioned ringlets and black velvet band. It was Aunt Adelaide in her twenties who smiled out at them. They handed it back in silence; no words seemed adequate.

Aunt Adelaide put the letter and the portrait aside, remarking only, "Well, that chapter is closed, but it is closed exactly as I would have had it!" And that was the last word they ever heard her say on the subject.

As the summer drew toward its end one other matter again pressed itself on the minds of the two girls, and they well knew that Miss Spencer, though she never spoke of it, was worrying about it also. Not a day passed that Antoinette and Theo did not talk the matter over between themselves and fruitlessly bewail the flight of time.

"It will come on the fifteenth of September!" lamented Theo. "Nothing can

stop it now, I suppose. Oh, I had so hoped that we could find all that money so that Aunt Adelaide could pay off the mortgage and stop worrying about having to part with the Savannah house. It will just kill her if she has to give it up! And think of the maddening irritation of it! There is the money all ready and laid aside for the purpose,—I'm certain it's here on this place somewhere,—and we can't get at it! It's enough to make you want to shriek! I'm going straight off to do some more hunting."

There was one person who was thoroughly bewildered by the conduct of the two girls all through the summer, and that was Ralph Peyton. Time after time he had come over to the plantation, expecting to have one of their old-time days together, only to be put off with the excuse that they were busy, that Aunt Adelaide needed them, or that they had something important to do that would prevent the fun. Never was he invited to share in those mysterious doings, nor was he ever enlightened as to what they were. The whole attitude of the girls seemed to have changed since the hurricane. Once Ralph asked them whether they had ever made anything out of the queer packet of papers they found in Marm Debbie's conjure bag, but the question seemed only to throw them into a worse state of embarrassment, and he had to be content with the bald explanation that the secret was someone else's.

"Do you know, Tony," said Theo one day, "I believe we're all making a big mistake in not letting Ralph into this thing, at least the part about the treasure. He has a lot of bright ideas, and I've always found him heaps more resourceful than I ever was. If Aunt Adelaide would only consent to it, I feel certain Ralph might be of help. He needn't be told everything about—well, about Alan and Aunt Adelaide, you know, but, if he hears the main facts about the treasure, it would be sufficient to give him all the clues. I'm going to speak to Aunt Adelaide about it."

She did so, but found Miss Spencer hard to convince. At last, however, greatly to the girls' delight and only because it seemed a last resort, she did consent to Ralph's being enlightened as to the treasure and how it came to be hidden. And when he next appeared the girls told him.

"Why under the sun didn't you tell me before!" he cried. "I ought to have had all summer to work this out. It's just the sort of thing I'm crazy about. Just let me take a look over the ground and think it all over, and I'll let you know by tomorrow what I think is the best way of getting at things. I've heard a lot of fake yarns about old buried treasure, but never anything that seemed as near the real article as this!"

They left him to himself to prowling round, and he spent several days in the vicinity of Marm Debbie's cabin, poking in the adjacent nooks and corners of the plantation. But even his efforts led to nothing definite.

"Marm Debbie sure did get that thing tamped down tight!" he vouchsafed one day. "But don't you worry! I'll run it to earth yet, if it's here at all! I've an idea that I haven't let you into yet, but it looks good to me!"

Yet in spite of his encouraging remarks the girls were bitterly disappointed at his lack of success as day after day passed and brought them within a week of the fifteenth of September.

Late in the afternoon of the eighth Miss Spencer and the two girls were sitting on the shady front porch. Through the heavy Spanish moss on the great live oak in front of them they could see the creek shimmering under a curtain of heat, but where they sat it was shady, and a cooling little breeze stirred occasionally. They were all much depressed and were making a very obvious pretense of being absorbed in their books or work.

"Who is that running so hard?" inquired Miss Spencer, looking up from her sewing.

"It's Ralph!" cried Theo. "What can be the matter? He's shouting something!"

A dirty, tattered and dishevelled youth rushed up the steps. "What do you know!" he gasped. "I've found it at last!"

TO BE CONCLUDED.

## NAHOMA AND TAJANTE

By William Thomas Whitlock

**D**OT and Janet are cousins and chums. When their Uncle James presented them with a new car the girls wrote to Janet's brother John and suggested that he invite them to spend their summer vacation on his claim in Idaho. They proposed to make the trip by motor.

John's reply was somewhat disappointing. He would be glad to have his sister and his cousin visit him, but he feared they would soon tire of frontier life. The homestead was a lonely place with few of the comforts and conveniences to which they were accustomed.

"Of course John remembers us as mere children," said Dot. "After all we have written to him about our basket ball work, the gardens we have raised and how we have learned to swim and row and hike!"

"Mother and Aunt Jane will be sure to object to our going after a lukewarm invitation like that," Janet added with a sigh.

But after reading John's letter their parents offered no objections. The poor boy had been away from home for two years, and it was time some of the family visited him on his lonely claim. Dot could drive the car like a professional chauffeur; the girls could be trusted to stop overnight at good hotels. If they found that their presence interfered with John's plans or caused him inconvenience, they could return home at once.

Dot and Janet arrived at John's claim a week later. The homestead surprised them pleasantly. Instead of the rude shack on a bare plain that they had hoped to "improve and make homelike" they found a comfortable log house in a grove of tall trees near the foot of a towering hill. There was a garden, a thrifty young orchard and a cluster of stables and sheds. A tiny stream leaped from a spring on the hillside and splashed into a natural stone basin in the dooryard. John used it for a bathing pool and a reservoir to store water for irrigating his plants and fruit trees.

"I was afraid you would find life out here too strenuous," he said the first evening.

"Was that the only reason you hesitated to invite us?" asked Dot shrewdly.

"Well, you see," stammered John, "I have agreed to spend two days of each week at the K & K ranch posting up their books, which means that I must be away from home overnight. I need the money to improve the homestead. But I couldn't think of leaving you here alone."

"We came out here to be a help to you, not a hindrance," said Dot in her most severe manner. "We are not the least afraid to stay alone, and while you are away we will carry on the work of the claim."

"There will not be much to do," replied

John. "I want to plow the valley field and get the ground ready for dry farming this fall. I have asked old Naka to come over from her camp and look after the livestock and garden while I am away."

"Sounds like a Japanese name," said Janet. "Who is Naka?"

"She is an old squaw who belongs on the Blackfoot reservation. During the summer she deserts the agency and camps in a little wooded strip about a mile down the trail. Perhaps we can persuade her to spend one night each week as protector for you girls."

However, when they drove down to Naka's camp after supper the old squaw shook her head and grunted a refusal to John's request. "No sleep in house hot weather!" she said.

"I'll arrange a tepee in the yard," urged John, "and then you need not go home at night when you come to look after the stock and garden."

"No can look after pigs and garden neither. Too hot."

They were rather silent and thoughtful as they drove homeward. Neither Dot nor Janet wished to give up their visit, and for all their brave speech they would have preferred the doubtful companionship of the old squaw to remaining alone in the cabin overnight.

But while they were sitting on the front stoop at dusk, listening to the wailing of the coyotes out on the plains and the call of the whippoorwills in the trees Naka rode into the yard astride one of her spotted cayuses. "My daughter stay with girls while you gone to ranch," she said and then turned and galloped back down the trail.

John did not seem pleased with Naka's announcement. "So Nahoma has joined her mother in camp," he said. "She is one of the best riders on the range, a skillful roper and a crack shot with a rifle. The K & K people pay her good wages to look after a herd of young stock when she chooses to work. But during the summer months when she is needed most she prefers to wander over the plains on her wall-eyed broncho. But if she will consent to remain with you girls, I can continue my work at the ranch, and we shan't have to think about your going home," he added with a sigh of relief.

Dot and Janet were delighted with the arrangement. No doubt an Indian girl who could ride, rope and shoot would prove an interesting companion.

"With her knowledge of horses Nahoma can help me with my plowing," said Dot when the girls were alone in their room.

"Plowing?" Janet exclaimed.

"Yes. We came out here to help John with his work. While he is away at the ranch

I shall surprise him by plowing the valley field. You remember how I drove the team for the man who plowed our gardens."

"But you never could manage those mustangs we saw in John's corral," Janet remonstrated.

"Nonsense. Those horses looked tame and sleepy. Nahoma will show me how to harness the brutes. I've always wanted to plow. It must be thrilling to guide a fiery team across a field, see the black soil turned furrow by furrow and feel you are doing some real work."

Nahoma appeared at the homestead on the following afternoon. She was a rather pretty Indian girl a few years older than Dot and Janet, and they welcomed her impulsively. At John's request she gave an exhibition of her horsemanship and skill with the rope. Then she amazed them by shooting a penny from a split stick with her rifle. Her mount was an ugly, egg-eyed broncho that slanted from his ears to his hips like a giraffe. His color was dirty pink; John called it roan. Even his name, Tajante, had a barbarous sound. But his speed was astonishing, and at a signal from his mistress he could pause in full stride and wheel with the quickness of a cat. The Indian girl informed them that she had raised Tajante from a colt and had trained him until he was one of the best cattle ponies on the range.

"And to think with that wonderful horse and your knowledge of ranch life you prefer to roam over the prairies doing nothing!" said Dot reprovingly as Nahoma was preparing to return to her mother's tepee.

The Indian girl gave Dot a quick glance and vaulted into the saddle.

"Come early tomorrow," said Dot. "I want you to help me with something."

"Mebbe so," grunted Nahoma and dashed recklessly down the trail on her pony.

During the afternoon John decided to rig up his riding plow so that he might begin turning the soil in the valley field on his return from the ranch. Dot hovered about, asking questions, working the levers and adjusting the share until at last John laughed and said: "Think you could chauffeur this machine across a field?"

"It seems simple," she replied.

"But you would find three tricky mustangs more difficult to manage than a steering wheel."

"Perhaps," said Dot.

John set off at sunrise next morning. After breakfast Dot announced her intention of plowing the valley field. Knowing that remonstrance with her self-willed little cousin would be useless, Janet strolled down to the corral to examine John's horses, three rather drowsy-appearing bronchos: a buckskin, a cream-color and a piebald. With the aid of the Indian girl perhaps Dot could manage them without much risk.

Nahoma did not appear until afternoon. Dot, who had waited impatiently for her arrival, was somewhat peremptory in stating her wishes. The young squaw listened in unwinking silence. Then she stalked down to the corral, roped and hitched them to the plow. She stepped indifferently aside as Dot mounted the seat and clasped the reins, but she leaped into her saddle and kept a watchful eye on the horses until Dot had begun a long black furrow across the valley field.

Not to be outdone, Janet assumed responsibility for the calves, the chickens and the garden and housework. It was more of a task than she had anticipated, and the housework was somewhat neglected. When Dot came in from her second day in the field and found her cousin wearily beginning supper she exclaimed indignantly:

"Two working women must prepare their own meals, and those lazy squaws doing absolutely nothing! It is our duty to teach them the civilized art of cooking."

Accordingly they drove down to the tepee after supper. To their astonishment old Naka listened with interest when Dot explained her mission. "Hub," she grunted. "Me good cook already. No much grub here. Me come up to homestead every day and cook Mr. John some-thin' fit to eat."

The creature . . . raced toward the scattering timber

DRAWN BY ROBERT AMICK



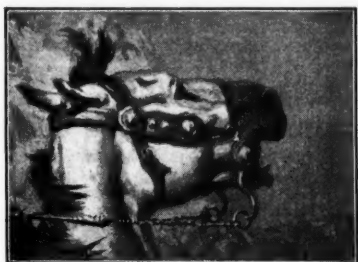
As the girls started homeward Dot was exultant and said: "Now you can spend all of your time in the open, and I can continue my plowing!"

John, however, sternly refused to allow Dot to continue her work in the field. "If those bronchos weren't tamed down with hard work, you might have been killed! You and Janet may amuse yourselves with the calves and garden if you wish, but I'll attend to the plowing."

The old squaw certainly proved to be a good cook. Dot and Janet blushed as they ate her potroasts, light biscuits and pies and thought of their plan to instruct her in the culinary art.

As the weeks went by the girls discovered that their self-imposed tasks were becoming monotonous. They allowed John to take them fishing and hunting and for long, rambling trips in the car. Naka continued to cook her wonderful meals, and Nahoma still roamed the country on her pony. After one of Dot's lectures on her "uselessness" the Indian girl refused to remain with them overnight, and old Naka grudgingly consented to sleep on a cot outside the cabin door when John was away. Janet could not overcome a shuddering dislike for Nahoma's evil-appearing broncho, and the young squaw seemed to resent that as much as she resented Dot's energetic scolding. They often caught glimpses of her galloping up the trail in the early morning or returning to the tepee at dusk; but she avoided the homestead whenever possible.

Then one day it rained—a glorious, steady downpour that continued for hours. The sun-scorched prairies became green once more; the leaves on the trees lost their



Tajante

dusty appearance, and the garden did not need irrigating for a week.

"Now I can replot the valley field and get it ready for wheat this fall," said John.

At the mention of plowing Dot gave Janet a significant glance. As soon as John was out of sight on his way to the K & K ranch Dot hastened down to the tepee. Nahoma had spent the night at home, and she was carefully grooming Tajante before departing on one of her aimless journeys. "You must come and help round up the mustangs," commanded Dot. "I shall begin plowing right after dinner."

Nahoma gave her a startled glance. "The ponies have run wild in the west pasture—" she began.

"Nonsense. I have driven them before, and I may never have another chance."

"You heap much little fool," said the Indian girl quietly. Then she placed the saddle upon Tajante, mounted and rode away up the trail.

Dot set out on foot for the west pasture. It took her all the morning to round up the mustangs. She came in to dinner looking weary but determined. After the meal Naka and Janet reluctantly helped her to harness the horses. They had little difficulty with the ponies, but the old squaw shook her head as Dot drove toward the field.

"Bronchos had long rest," she muttered. "Mebbe so heap big trouble later."

About the middle of the afternoon Janet discovered that Dot had neglected to fill her canvas water bottle. She must be parched for a drink! Janet climbed the hillside to the spring, glancing down into the valley as she went. The plow girl was masterfully guiding the mustangs across the field; her sharp, confident commands rose clearly on the drowsy air.

Janet had paused beside the spring when she caught a glimpse of something moving among the trees on the northern slope of the valley. A moment later Nahoma and Tajante emerged from the timber into a little open space. The Indian girl held her rifle in her arms, and she was intently watching Dot at her plowing. When the mustangs

reached the end of the furrow and turned back across the field Nahoma wheeled her mount and kept pace along the hillside, with her eyes still fixed on the girl.

Tales of Indian vengeance flitted through Janet's mind. She remembered Dot's sharp-tongued lectures and her angry remarks of the morning. The sight of Nahoma on her diabolical broncho trailing in and out among the trees filled her with sudden apprehension. She snatched up the bottle and hastened toward the field.

Halfway down the slope she heard a shrill command from Dot. The buckskin had halted abruptly and stood with his legs braced, his neck outstretched and his ears flattened. The piebald was lunging to and fro, and the cream-color was lashing out furiously with his heels. Dot rose impatiently from her seat, gathered up the trailing reins in her hand and dealt the buckskin a stinging blow. With a squeal of rage he arched his back and bounded forward in a succession of stiff-legged leaps. The other horses plunged along beside him.

Dot made a plucky effort to regain her seat and to cling to the reins. But a vicious lunge of the team suddenly threw her into the air, and she fell heavily to the earth. Janet gave a gasp of relief as Dot fell clear of the swaying plow. The next moment she was stumbling blindly forward in horror. Dot's foot had become entangled in the reins, and she was dragging helplessly over the ground. The mustangs were racing onward in spasmodic bursts of speed as the plowshare leaped free from the soil or sank deep in zigzag furrows.

A pinkish streak dashed from the timber and sped downward. Nahoma had thrust her rifle into the boot; now she was leaning forward in the saddle, urging her mount to his utmost efforts. But before she could reach the field the frantic ponies were jerked to a sudden stop as the plowshare sank into a tangle of roots. Plunging, kicking and squealing, they freed themselves in a few moments from the plow and from one another. But poor Dot still trailed helplessly at the end of the thong attached to the buckskin! Snorting with terror at the limp form behind him, the creature raced toward the scattering timber on the boulder-strewn hills to the south.

Once on the level surface of the valley, the ungainly form of Tajante seemed to flatten itself on the ground and to shoot forward at an incredible pace. He soon gained on the fleeing mustang, and Janet began to breathe again with hope. Nahoma uncoiled the lariat from her saddle horn and swung the loop deliberately round her head. Janet clenched her hands. If only the Indian girl could lasso the buckskin before he dashed into the timber on the stony hills!

But to Janet's dismay Nahoma suddenly cast the rope aside, leaned forward and stroked the scrawny neck of her broncho. Tajante seemed to pause in mid-air and to alight with all four limbs braced, motionless as a statue. The Indian girl snatched the rifle from its boot and lifted the weapon to her shoulder. As the report rang out Janet covered her face with her hand. To her excited eyes it seemed that Nahoma had aimed straight at her cousin.

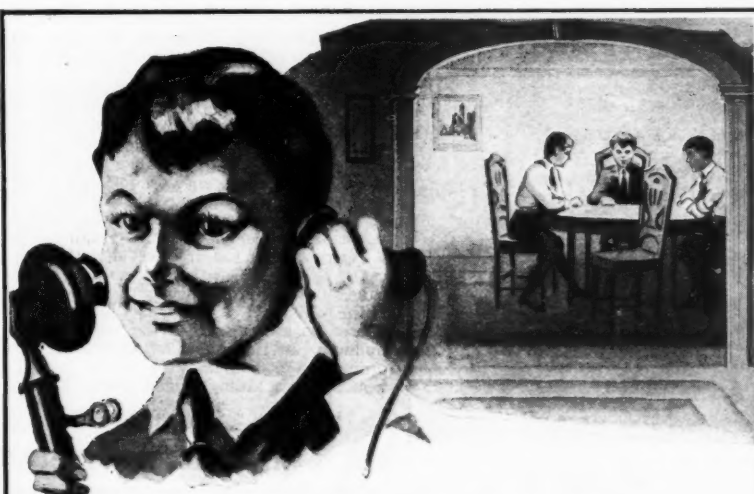
When Janet opened her eyes the buckskin was racing up the timbered slope, but Dot lay on the ground. Nahoma had dismounted and with the smoking rifle still in her hands was bending over the girl.

"Oh, what have you done?" cried Janet. "Huh," grunted Nahoma. "Me not able to rope buckskin before he reach hills. Shoot the strap so she not be killed on rocks." She caught at the water bottle, which Janet had retained, dashed the water over Dot's face and uttered a cry of relief as the girl slowly opened her eyes.

As Dot's bewildered gaze fell on the severed thong still twisted round her ankle she held out her arms impulsively to Nahoma. "You said I was 'heap much little fool!' she cried. "And I was!"

"I keep watch in timber," explained the Indian maid. "I liked you girls and wanted to be friends," she said with a little laugh. "But when Dot scold me for laziness and Janet dislike my wonderful Tajante I—well, I was heap much fool too."

When John returned from the K & K ranch he found Dot suffering with a badly sprained ankle and a number of black-and-blue spots on her body. Old Naka was attending to Dot's injuries with the skill of a trained nurse. Nahoma was preparing supper, and Janet was out in the yard trying to make friends with that hideous—no, beautiful Tajante.



## "Can't I Stay Longer ~ These Games are Great Fun!"



No wonder he is not in any hurry to go home—for the boys are deep in the adventures of Uncle Wiggily Longears in his efforts to get to the office of Dr. Possum on Green Moss Avenue. They are playing Howard R. Garis' great game

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Other thrilling and entertaining Bradley games are:

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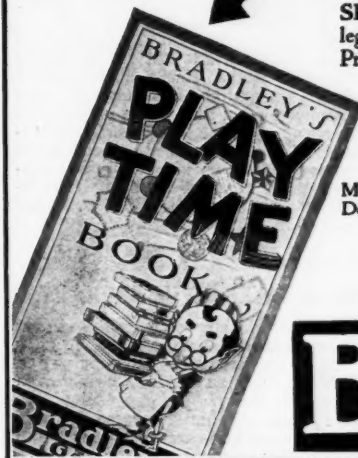
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"We hunger for the beauty of clouds  
and for their infinite diversity"

### FACT AND COMMENT

**THE BUSY MAN** has few idle visitors—of whom worry is one.

In Doubt and Dread the Simple Soul  
may find  
The straight, clear Path to which the  
Shrewd are blind.

**THE BEST SAFETY APPLIANCE** on an automobile is a careful man at the wheel.

**ON THE LAST DAY** of each month a clerk of the Treasury Department goes to the White House with a check for \$6250 payable to the President of the United States. In addition to the President's regular salary he has an allowance for White House expenses, and he may use as much as \$25,000 a year for traveling expenses. There are great demands, however, on a President's income; only a few Presidents are thought to have saved any money during their terms of office. For one thing, although the Treasury pays the President \$75,000 a year as a salary, it takes back \$25,500 of it as an income tax.

**THE INSCRIPTION** at the base of a memorial fountain in Enterprise, Alabama, reads:

In Profound Appreciation  
Of the Boll Weevil  
And What it Has Done  
As the Herald of Prosperity  
This Monument is Erected  
By the Citizens of  
Enterprise, Coffee County, Alabama.

Facing bankruptcy on account of the ravages of the boll weevil, the farmers of Coffee County turned to raising corn, sugar cane, cattle, hogs, peanuts, hay and sweet potatoes. The peanut crop alone now brings in as much money as cotton ever brought in.

**ANOTHER INTERESTING USE** of concrete is making hollow poles for electric transmission lines. The process of casting makes use of centrifugal force. A horizontal mould, after receiving the steel skeleton of the pole and the right amount of concrete mixture, is rapidly revolved. The motion drives the concrete against the side of the mould, where it forms a deposit two inches thick, which serves as a shell for the steel rods inside. A pole so made is elastic. One that was sixty-four feet long was subjected to a pull of seventy-three hundred pounds. It bent seven feet from the perpendicular and swung back without injury.

**FURTHER SUGGESTIONS** have been made to the list of things wanted. The latest contributor is Prof. A. M. Low, the inventor and man of science, who has made the following entries:

- A process of instantaneous color photography.
  - A selective method of radio communication with really sharp tuning.
  - A light, efficient, slow-speed internal combustion engine.
  - An internal combustion turbine.
  - Greatly simplified clothing, not strange in appearance.
  - A loud speaker that can be controlled without distorting the sound.
  - Improved methods of electrical storage and power transmission.
  - A cheap house-warmer that can be installed by anyone.
  - A new game of skill.
  - A method of conveying speech direct and readably to paper.
- But there are some things spiritual and not material that are needed more than

anything in this list, and they are things that any man can find for himself if he will without the services of any inventive genius.

**THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE**, after a careful survey of building conditions all over the United States, concludes that the high wages for labor do not account for the high cost of building. In a house that costs \$5000 26 per cent goes for labor, 29.3 per cent for building materials, 19 per cent for land, 12.6 per cent to the contractor, 6.7 per cent for financing the undertaking and 6.4 per cent for the architect and the real estate fees. The last three items, which are called "overhead," amount to within \$15 of the total labor costs and may be plausibly offered as the reason for the high cost of building. If the wages of labor on the ordinary \$5000 house were cut in two, it would mean a saving of only \$650.

### THE GREAT BEER-CELLAR FIASCO

**THE** return of the former Crown Prince of Prussia to Germany, the story, affirmed, denied and reaffirmed, that the former Kaiser has passports that will take him also across the frontier and the attempt of the Bavarian Fascists to overturn the Munich government and to set up General Ludendorff as dictator of the German Reich all show that the royalist party is awake and eager to take advantage of the financial and political weakness of the republican government at Berlin. No one feels any confidence in the ability of President Ebert and his colleagues to maintain themselves in power. The royalists are well aware that a Communist revolt is likely to occur if public affairs continue to go from bad to worse, and they wish to be first in the field with their own revolution. Hence the conclave in the great beer cellar at Munich, over which Adolph Hitler, the leader of the "gray shirts," and General Ludendorff, with his epaulettes and all his medals displayed, presided.

The "putsch" that those chiefs of reaction tried to carry through failed disastrously. It attained little more headway than the ridiculous Kapp "putsch" of three years ago. The Munich authorities pretended to yield but, finding that the people were not rising as they had been expected to rise, thought better of the matter, ordered out the troops and put a sudden end to the great beer-cellar rebellion.

So far as it goes, the quick snuffing out of the most conspicuous German militarist is good news. Ludendorff as dictator would be a sad menace, first to the peace of his own country and then to the peace of Europe. His failure to arouse the Bavarians is encouraging, for it points to the weakness of the Hohenzollern cause even in a region where monarchical feeling is strong. But it would be a mistake to suppose that Ludendorff carried the hopes of all the German royalists. He and his friends would have done better in East Prussia than in Munich, for Ludendorff is a Prussian and Hitler is an Austrian only recently naturalized in Bavaria. Neither represents the real royalist enthusiasm of Bavaria, which is all for Prince Rupprecht and the House of Wittelsbach. The Bavarians dream of a new German Empire, of which not Prussia but their own country shall be the centre. Ludendorff, with his Hohenzollern connections, did not stir them. When a more auspicious time comes we may see a real Bavarian "putsch" with Rupprecht at the head of it. Whether that will be any more popular in Prussia than the Ludendorff "putsch" was in Bavaria may be doubted. Territorial and national jealousies are still strong among the German states. Unless a Communist revolution sweeps like a conflagration across all Germany,—and that seems improbable,—the result of all the unrest that now agitates the Reich is more likely to end in the Empire's breaking up into its original constituent parts than in its being reestablished either under Wittelsbach or under Hohenzollern.

### SHALL TAXES GO UP OR DOWN?

**EVERYONE** who pays taxes knows that they are high, and often excessively high. The man who does not pay in taxes three times as much as he paid ten years ago is lucky. The expenses of the general government have increased almost in the same proportion, and most states and cities have felt justified in raising their own

budgets in the same degree. Almost everyone complains of his taxes, yet no community, large or small, shows any real willingness to economize.

The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, would like to see the national taxes reduced by \$323,000,000 and has shown how it can be done. He advocates reducing taxes on earned incomes, raising the limit at which surtaxes begin from \$6000 to \$10,000 and abolishing the taxes on theatre tickets, telegrams and telephone messages. He has President Coolidge with all the influence of his great office behind him, and yet many people doubt that the reductions will be made, for Congress is almost sure to pass legislation that will make taxes higher rather than lower. It will be interesting to see whether public opinion will support Congress in increasing the appropriations or the President in reducing them. At present no one can surely say which will happen.

At the recent election in New York the voters by referendum added \$100,000,000 to the bonded debt of the state and increased running expenses by granting higher pay to municipal employees. It is common enough to hear people grumble about the extravagance of Congress or of their local authorities; but when the issue is presented to the voters they are as ready to spend money as their representatives are.

A good many of our readers can remember a time when the voters really desired economy, and when conscientious officials strove for it. That was a time when people thought straight enough to understand that taxation is reflected in the cost of every man's living, and that directly or indirectly everyone has to help shoulder the burden of extravagance. Nowadays economy, like thrift, is out of fashion. We sanction any expenditure and then try to find ways, either by legislation or by expert management of our personal finances, to shift the weight of taxation to some one else. A great many people are fooling themselves into thinking that they are doing it. They are not; for, though some persons are more nearly helpless than others and have to pay more than their fair share of the burden, everyone has to pay in proportion to what he has to spend. Taxation filters down into the cost of everything that is bought and sold—into rent, into food, into railway fares, into clothing and fuel and furniture. Franklin was right: we cannot dodge taxes any more than we can dodge death; but so long as we make ourselves believe that we can escape them taxes not only will remain high but will go higher.

### CLOUDS

**LIKE** some other common things, such as stars and wayside flowers, clouds are among the most beautiful objects of our visible universe, if only we had the leisure and attention to regard them!

The clear sky is beautiful; beautiful when a wild January northwest wind sweeps it clear of all haze and leaves a hard, metallic, azure glare; beautiful in the quiet October mornings when a soft vapor veils all distance and the dim blue makes an exquisite background for the dying foliage. But continued clear sky grows monotonous, as voyagers in tropic seas so wearily insist. We hunger for the beauty of clouds and for their infinite diversity. There is the light, long, trailing shred of mist, which, almost immovable, drifts in highest heaven. Then there are the great, rolling, wind-driven middle clouds of summer days, which heave their snowy shoulders over the far hills and sweep wide, splendid shadows across them, making the sunlight only more magnificent. There are the heavy, low, lurid clouds, which pile up and pile up for rain, till one thick unbroken pall settles down upon us and pours out its fertilizing burden. No doubt the inconvenience of the rain clouds makes us less willing to see beauty in them; yet beauty is present in their vast masses and in their turbulent shapes.

And the color of clouds is as lovely as their shape is. There is the dazzling whiteness, and the almost appalling depth of the dark. And then the sun shoots its morning or evening or midday radiance into them and makes them crimson and gold and purple in all possible shades of richness and splendor.

What strikes us in clouds, besides their beauty, is their fragility and evanescence. Stars are the symbols of permanence, clouds of change. Did you ever watch the birth of a cloud? Sometimes right out of the blue

heaven there springs just a shred of delicate white vapor, which grows and grows and spreads and shifts and seems to float through vast untried realms of possible wonder and delight. Then it fades again into the changeless blue from which it came. Is not this the story of the life of man? As it has been better said in poetry:

O mystery! O mystery! Our lives  
Float on a spiritual sea like some white cloud  
Blown out of nothing, which Occasion rives  
And moulds and shapes at will and in a crowd  
Of other nothings mingles till it drives  
Across the blue and melts, and makes its shroud  
Out of its cradle: such we are, no more,  
Shadows of what comes after and before.

### AN IMPROVING FARM SITUATION

**ALTHOUGH**, speaking generally, the prices of farm products as compared with the prices of manufactured goods are still somewhat lower than they were before the war, the situation is much better from the farmer's point of view than it was last year or the year before. Some of the things that the farmer raises are already bringing satisfactory prices. Corn climbed back this fall to a point as far above the normal of ten years ago as the prices of foods are and perhaps farther. Cotton is even higher, though some cotton planters have been so badly hit by the boll weevil that they will not benefit as they should from the rising prices. Lamb, butter and dairy products generally are on a basis that makes them profitable to produce. Wheat and hogs still sell at the cost of production or below it, and the farmers who depend wholly either on wheat or on hogs are still losing money—and patience.

It is worth while to observe that those are the two farm products that are exported in the largest quantity. Consequently, even in the home market, the prices of them are fixed by the prices at which the exportable surplus can be sold, and those prices are at present low because Europe is impoverished. If the price of wheat and of hogs could be brought up to the level of the prices that are determined solely by home consumption, the farmers would have small reason to complain.

How the price of wheat and of hogs can be raised is matter of continual discussion among farmers and public men. Two representatives of the War Finance Corporation, Messrs. Meyer and Mondell, have been touring the West and urging the wheat farmers to establish a great coöperative marketing association. Former Governor Lowden of Illinois is leading a movement to set such an association at work. It is obvious enough that there would be difficulties in the way of organizing all the wheat farmers of the country, for they are numerous and widely scattered, and they grow different kinds of wheat. But it is not beyond hope that a successful selling coöperative could be organized. It would somewhat relieve the situation; but wheat at least will not sell at a price that is satisfactory to the farmer simply through coöperation in marketing the crop. Either Europe must regain its buying capacity or we must raise less wheat and stop exporting any great quantity of it, or else some way must be found by which with the help of the government the surplus wheat can be "dumped" abroad at whatever it will bring and the domestic price kept up by releasing only enough to meet the actual needs of the domestic market. The last proposal has a good many friends, among whom, it appears, is the Secretary of Agriculture; but no way of accomplishing it that would be more than temporarily efficacious has yet been suggested.

### THE NEED OF ADVENTURE

**PERSONS** who lead lives of which the greater part is given up to a somewhat monotonous routine usually look with envy upon those whose occupations insure them variety of scene and interest; indeed, for most stay-at-home persons the very word travel is synonymous with adventure. And there is a good reason why it should be, for adventure in its original meaning is simply a coming to something, or a coming upon something—the inevitable consequence of travel.

Travel is not a necessary of life to anyone,

but adventure of some sort comes pretty near to being a necessary of life. In everyone there is innate as a part of life a craving for adventure, and it must be satisfied in some degree and by some means. A great problem in the modern world is to enable each person to have the adventurous career that is really essential to the life of the spirit.

Adventure need not be physical. Many a man fails to realize that his craving for adventure may find satisfaction within the four walls of his room. The great adventure in the life of one who is a distinguished man of science today was not in his arriving in New York City, an immigrant Serbian boy, all alone, with exactly five cents in his pocket; his great adventures came in after years when through his persistent intellectual labor he finally hit upon the invention that made long-distance telephony possible, or when later still he devised the means for broadcasting by radio.

Invention is adventure of course, and perhaps it is even more impossible for most persons than travel in all the seven seas. But intellectual adventure, adventure in scholarship, adventure in the world of thought, is open to everyone; and the persons whose lives have been rich both in physical adventure and in intellectual adventure almost always testify that it was the intellectual "coming upon" new things that gave them the keenest excitement and the greatest satisfaction.

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PUBLISHERS



## CURRENT EVENTS

THE Imperial Conference at London, at which the premiers of all the component parts of the British Commonwealth were present, resulted unexpectedly enough in the hasty dissolution of the British Parliament and in an electoral campaign on the issue of protection and free trade. The sitting Parliament was chosen only a year ago after a campaign illuminated with promises of political "tranquillity" if the Conservatives were returned; but there has been little tranquillity in British politics, and there promises to be even less in the immediate future. The Premier asks the voters to give him a parliamentary mandate for the use of protective duties on manufactured goods. That is his way of trying to meet the pressing problem of unemployment. He denies that there is any idea of putting duties on meat or wheat, though the conference has recommended certain enactments that will give preference to food products from the dominions. The campaign, which will end in an election on December 6, just as this number of the Companion reaches its readers, must be a hurried and confused affair, for the country is unprepared to debate intelligently and

thoroughly so complicated a question as that of the proper economic policy for Great Britain. The two wings of the Liberal party, respectively led by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, have coalesced for this occasion. Both are firmly opposed to protection under any guise. Most of the Conservatives who have held aloof from the Baldwin ministry—Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Birkenhead and Sir Robert Horne, for example—have returned to their party allegiance. The disturbing effect on British politics of the Lloyd George coalition seems therefore at an end. The Labor party is united against Mr. Baldwin's proposals. Its leaders would meet the difficult economic situation in Great Britain by a capital levy on every property that exceeds \$25,000.

ANOTHER American has been honored by receiving one of the Nobel prizes—Dr. Robert A. Millikan, director of the Norman Bridge Laboratory of Physics at the California Institute of Technology. Dr. Millikan receives the prize for physics in recognition of his achievement in isolating electrons, which are now recognized as the smallest perceivable constituents of material substances.

GOVERNOR PINCHOT of Pennsylvania, in asking the governors of twenty-nine states to meet and consult concerning the possibility of Congressional legislation to reduce the price of anthracite coal, admits that he has been disappointed in his hope that the anthracite operators and the coal dealers of the country would "absorb" the increase in wages that he allowed the coal miners when he compromised the coal strike last September. The industry, he declares, has refused to "clean its own house of extortion"; therefore the people through their representatives must attend to the job. By the time this page comes to be read the conference will have met, and Governor Pinchot will have explained to the members of it what his plans are—for he has definite plans. Millions of persons who use anthracite will hope that his suggestions will prove to be effective in bringing down the highly-inflated cost of domestic fuel.

ON Armistice Day former President Wilson addressed the people of the United States by radio. He declared that the United States has pursued a cowardly and ignoble course since the war, that it has abandoned its own ideals and that, acting for its supposed self-interest, it has withheld the assistance it might have given to a war-wounded world. He also criticized the policies of the French and the Italian government, which he accused of "making waste paper of the treaty of Versailles." It is estimated that two million persons listened to his voice. A great throng of friends and admirers also visited his home in Washington, to whom he spoke briefly from the steps of the house.

GERMANY is in constant turmoil. Rumors of the most disquieting sort fly round. It is clear that there will be other attempts to restore monarchy, Prussian or Bavarian or both. That, if nothing else, would arouse Communist pugnacity. The Berlin government has announced that it has no longer the means to "support" the population of the Ruhr and the Rhineland. That is interpreted to mean that it has decided to make no further effort to control or exercise jurisdiction over that territory, and the news is of especial importance since it comes only a day or two after a report that the coal and iron magnates of the Ruhr had come to an agreement with the French and the Belgians, under which they undertook to resume production peaceably in all the Ruhr towns. Moreover, the men who control the chemical and dye trusts have agreed to resume making reparations payments in kind. They all have made up their minds that Berlin is helpless and that there is nothing to do except to come to terms with the French. The next step is likely to be the establishment of some form of local government in the Rhineland and the separation of that region from the German Reich. Incidentally, it is interesting to read that the distinguished physicist, Dr. Einstein, has left Germany and will remain in Holland until the harsh, anti-Semitic feeling that now agitates Berlin subsides.



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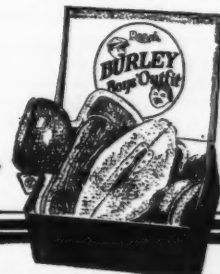
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# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



## THE WINTER PICNIC

By James J. Deehan

PEGGY had come from the city to spend this week on the farm with May, and May had promised to take her on a winter picnic as a treat.

"But, Cousin May, I never heard of a winter picnic," said Peggy.

"Well, you are going to take part in one this very morning," answered her cousin.

"Are we going to take things to eat?"

"Of course we are, Peggy, but neither you nor I shall eat a bite! I'm going to take a little basket of things. Hurry and get on your coat and overshoes, my dear."

Peggy was a much puzzled little girl, but May wouldn't explain the least bit more. She only told Peggy to hurry.

The two girls bundled up well, for Jack Frost was in the air that day. They buckled their overshoes high, and they took along their skates, for there was ice on the pond.

"Now," said May as she fastened the last buckle, "let's be off. There's our picnic basket on the shelf."

"But that's such a little basket," exclaimed Peggy, "and it's empty."

"Just wait," said May, "we shall fill it at the barn."

"Oh, so we are going to make a fire and roast things?"

"Never a fire shall we have, and never a bite shall we eat on this picnic," declared May.

"Goodness me!" sighed Peggy. "What kind of picnic is this going to be?"

"I told you that it was a winter picnic," said May with a merry laugh, "but here we are at the barn. Let's fill the basket to the brim."

Greatly wondering, Peggy followed Cousin May into the barn. May knew just what she wished to take. With wide eyes Peggy watched her fill the basket. First to go in was a big ear of corn, next several heads of wheat, then a measure of oats and a handful of buckwheat, and last, some walnuts and hickory nuts from May's little store in the loft. Then the little basket was full.

"The picnic place," said May, "is in the woods near the pond. Every week this winter I've been giving a picnic there. Today's should be most welcome on account of the snow."

The two started merrily down the slope toward the woods. Peggy's eyes danced. She thought that she knew now what sort of picnic it was to be. Soon they entered the woods, and May guided Peggy toward a little knoll, well sheltered with trees and shrubs.

"Here is the picnic place," said May. "This big rock covered with snow is the picnic table. Come, help me set the table, Peggy dear!"

Peggy began to unpack the basket. May stuck the big ear of corn upright in the center of the table while Peggy arranged the

## It Is Really Dust

By Pringle Barret

*In the sky the clouds are frozen just as stiff as clouds can be,  
And the elves are working hard, as you can see.*

*What they really want to do  
Is to saw the clouds in two  
And to scatter all the dust on you and me.*

*But the funny thing about it is that people do not know  
When the dust is being scattered high and low  
That it's really dust at all.*

*They just roll it in a ball,  
And they laugh and clap their hands and call it snow!*

heads of wheat round the ear. Then she and May placed the nuts all round the edge, as if they were dishes. Finally Peggy made little pictures on the snow with the oats and buckwheat. The feast looked inviting.

"But where are our guests, Cousin May?" asked Peggy when they had finished.

"S-s-sh!" May warned her. "They are probably watching us this very minute. Let's go skating on the pond now, and when we come back later the picnic folk will be at the table."

The ice on the pond was as smooth as smooth could be, and the two girls had a glorious time skating. But they soon crept back to see whether the picnic folk had arrived. Yes, indeed they had. They seemed to be enjoying themselves greatly.

Peggy was so pleased with the picture that the picnic folk made at the table that she nearly cried out. But a warning from Cousin

May fortunately stopped her just in time.

Among the guests were a gray squirrel, a beautiful cardinal and a saucy bluejay. There were many snowbirds too and a song-sparrow. And there at the corn was a little white bunny.

Oh, but it was a busy picnic! Of course the guests were not showing good manners. They turned their backs to one another, and they often scolded. But the little girls excused those faults, for the picnic folk were very hungry.

"Why, Cousin May," whispered Peggy as they turned to go skating again, "a winter picnic is the very best kind of picnic. It's so good to give those hungry things a bite to eat!"

And that week there were two winter picnics for the picnic folk on Cousin May's farm, because Peggy said that she wanted to give one that was all her own.

## Martha's Quarter and What It Bought

By Carrie Belle Boyden

MARTHA had earned a quarter of a dollar all by herself. One afternoon she received ten cents for taking care of little Dorothy Williams while her mother went to the dentist's. Another afternoon she received ten cents because she stayed in from play to wait on her mother, who had a

bad headache. Then the lady who lived next door gave her five cents for running to the post office with two important letters. Now she was wondering how she would spend the twenty-five cents, which was the very first money that she had ever earned.

"May I go to the toy store on the corner

and buy anything I want for twenty-five cents?" she asked her mother.

When her mother said yes she gayly went hippity-hop to the corner shop to buy—well, she did not know what. She spent a great deal of time looking at toys for a dollar, toys for fifty cents and finally toys for twenty-five cents, for of course twenty-five cents was all she had. At last she found exactly what she wanted. It was a box of toy furniture to be cut out and made from sheets of cardboard. There was a rosewood piano, a davenport, a library table and chairs for the living-room, a sideboard, a table and chairs for the dining room, and the dearest little gas stove and table and sink for the kitchen. There were also dressing tables and beds for the two bedrooms. Martha's paper dolls would fit the furniture beautifully.

She told the smiling clerk that she would take the box of furniture, and then she suddenly remembered that she had not brought her twenty-five cents. So home she went to get it. Her mother changed her two dimes and her nickel into a shining quarter of a dollar and told her to hang on to it tight.

She had almost reached the store when she stumbled. Out flew both hands and down went the quarter into the street. It rolled along and rolled along until it came to an iron grating in the sidewalk and there it fell through.

"Oh, there goes my toy furniture!" wailed Martha right out loud.

"Where?" asked a big boy who happened to be standing near her.

"Down that grating," said Martha mournfully.

The boy bent over and looked down. "I don't see any toy furniture down there," he said.

"It isn't there because I have not bought it yet," replied Martha.

"But you said it was down there," said the boy.

"My quarter to buy it with is. Oh, I can see it," she cried.

The boy took hold of the grating, lifted it, jumped down and brought up Martha's quarter. She thanked him with a beaming smile and tripped along to the toy store. She reached the candy shop that was next door to the toy shop and then she stopped again. A wee bit of a girl stood there crying.

"Now, what is the matter?" asked Martha sympathetically.

"I had an ice cream cone and the top of it slipped right off," said the child.

Martha looked, and sure enough! The little girl was holding an empty cone in her hand, and the ball of ice cream was on the sidewalk, slowly melting and running into the gutter.

"Haven't you any more money?" asked Martha.

The little girl shook her head.

"Then come with me," said Martha with a sigh. She took her into the shop, passed

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## PICTURES IN THE SKY

By Eugenia T. Quickenden

Before the yellow sun has set  
Or shadows gathered round as yet,  
I like to watch the clouds on high  
With filmy figures flitting by.

Sometimes a dancing clown I spy  
With peaked cap and twinkling eye,  
And then again I see a boat,  
With all its gleaming sails, afloat.

At times a king upon a throne  
Is seated silent and alone.  
More often, though, a lady fair  
In trailing robes I see up there.

I wonder where they go at last—  
They always hurry by so fast!  
Perhaps they gather in the moon  
And feast and dance to merry tune.

But still I somehow think it's true  
That they are people just like you—  
The sky a great big looking-glass  
To catch their pictures as they pass.

over her quarter and received two dimes in change. The little girl smiled happily through her tears when she held another ice cream cone in her hands.

Martha entered the toy store and stood long before the toy furniture. "Would you like to buy a box of it?" asked the clerk.

Martha slowly opened her hand. "I had twenty-five cents," she said, "but I have only twenty cents left. I—had to spend five cents for something else."

A woman who had been buying toy clothespins looked at Martha. "Aren't you the girl that just bought an ice cream cone for the child who was crying?" she asked.

Martha nodded. "She dropped hers in the dirt," she said.

The clerk looked over all the boxes of toy furniture. "Here is one that costs only twenty cents," she said, "because the box is broken a little. Would you like it?"

Would Martha like it? Her eyes shone. A broken box would not hurt the toy furniture in the least. She ran home with it clasped tight in her hands.

"Did you get what you wanted?" asked her mother.

"Yes, I did," answered Martha, running for her scissors, "but I almost didn't."

And before Martha went to bed that night the bedroom furniture was all done and four paper dolls slept soundly in their little beds.

## SHOPPING FOR MOTHER

By Mary Lee Dalton

Christmas shopping has its pleasures  
When you really know what treasures  
You are going to give the others—  
Father, mother, sisters, brothers;

But I find it very trying  
When the problem of the buying  
Is a puzzling thing that ranges  
Through a dozen sudden changes.

Now I've all the gifts but mother's;  
They were easy, all the others;  
Some are big and some are little—  
Dolls for Bess and candy brittle,

Knife for Tom and gun for Billy,  
And my father's—was it silly?—  
Is a snap-shot of me taken  
On a rock at Interlaken.

They were easy, all the others,  
But what present shall be mother's?  
I can think of things a-plenty,  
Surely ten and maybe twenty,

That I'd buy if I had millions—  
Or perhaps it would need billions  
For the things I'd like to buy her  
As our Christmas Day gets nigher.

Yesterday she caught me looking  
Very hard while she was cooking.  
I pretended to be drinking,  
But she knew what I was thinking,

And she laughed and said, "My honey,  
Better save your Christmas money;  
Just be sure your heart is mother's—  
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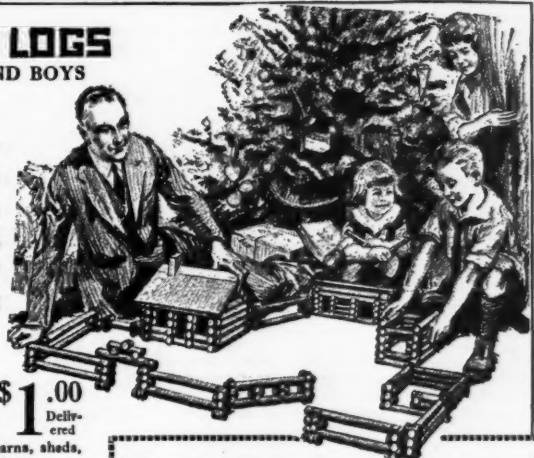
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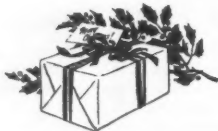
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Arthur Guiterman



## ANTS WITH OR WITHOUT WINGS

MR. VINCENT, seated on the veranda of his summer home peeling willow wands to make a towel rack noticed a sturdy black ant running straight across the veranda. He tried to turn it back with the toe of his boot, but the little creature quickly made its way round. Then Mr. Vincent, using the wand in his hand, turned the ant round several times, but he could neither confuse it nor deter it. In a moment it was climbing over parts of the boys' radio outfit, which must have been as confusing to it as a mountain range and a forest combined is to a man. Mr. Vincent stamped his foot in front of the creature, but he could not scare it.

When he was ready to give up trying to turn the ant back his son Allen came along and took up the task. Failing in every other way, Allen placed a piece of board in the ant's path. When the ant mounted the board to walk over it the boy carried it back to the starting place. But immediately the ant began its journey again.

When it was halfway across the veranda the boy brought it back a second time, but the determined little creature took up its journey anew and pressed on over every obstacle and in spite of all opposition. Finally the boy sat down, and the ant reached the other side of the veranda and vanished over the edge.

"Well, Allen," said Mr. Vincent, "if we men had such perseverance, there are few things we could not achieve! The Bible sends the lazy man to the ant to learn industry; this morning we may learn perseverance from the ant."

"But it's not true of all ants," Allen replied. "I tried the same game on a winged ant, and I turned it aside easily."

"And what a parable that is!" exclaimed Mr. Vincent. "Just think of it, an ant with wings so that it could soar right over your head and go on its way gives up, whereas this little fellow who has only his legs to depend on, goes on over everything, knowing no defeat! So it is, I fear, with men and women, boys and girls. Some with many advantages are turned aside from pressing on to the prize of their high calling, and some who are not so fortunately equipped but who have will and determination reach the goal. It's a great thing to have determination!"

## THE TREE

ON the morning of the day before Christmas one of Aunt Jane's characteristic telegrams arrived: "Washout ahead. Don't expect me until arrival. Am perfectly comfortable."

"That's Aunt Jane, all right!" Ralph declared. "She'd be perfectly comfortable rocking on top of an earthquake!"

"But, Ralph," Edith cried, "she'll miss trimming the children's tree! Maybe she'll miss all Christmas! I never did know anyone who got into so many accidents."

"Don't worry," Ralph replied. "She'll turn up in time for dinner anyhow, even if she does miss the tree. You'll see!"

True to Ralph's prediction, Aunt Jane appeared in time for Christmas. In fact she presented herself at eleven o'clock Christmas Eve while Ralph and Edith were trimming the tree. Ralph with his hair full of spruce needles crawled from under the branches, where he was connecting an electric train with a battery.

"Hello, Aunt Jane," he cried warmly. "I knew you'd be on time for the fun."

"What fun am I in time for?"

"Why, Christmas of course! The youngsters will go wild. How can they help it?" Ralph waved his hand joyously towards the village and menagerie under the tree. The tree itself was well enough, but it was evident where Ralph's heart was. "It grows bigger every year, that assortment," he declared proudly.

"Well," Aunt Jane remarked, "somebody has fun over it anyway."

"You bet! Wouldn't miss setting up the show for a thousand dollars!" Ralph replied. He turned on the light and illuminated the tiny village and set the train to running.

Reluctantly he turned off the lights at last, and the household settled down.

It was still dark when excited shouts sounded through the house. In wrappers, slippers and kimonos the family trooped downstairs. There were a few seconds when all except Ralph stood huddled in the hall. Then the door opened, and the lovely sparkling tree with the lighted village beneath its wide branches was shining before them. It was a wonderful moment!

But several hours later Ralph with a puzzled look in his eyes hunted up his aunt. "Aren't youngsters queer nowadays!" he exclaimed. "Bob has hardly looked at that train; he's been tinkering with his radio set all day. And I don't believe the girls have glanced at the tree since breakfast."

Aunt Jane looked at him quizzically. "Ever tried turn about, letting the children have the fun of trimming the tree?" she asked.

"Let the children—?" But before his aunt's ironical smile the sentence trailed away unfinished.

## THE FASCINATION OF RUSSIA

"What is the inscrutable power that lies hidden in you? Why does your aching, melancholy song echo forever in my ears? Russia, what do you want of me? What is there between you and me?" The passage is from one of Gogol's books, written while he was in exile, pondering the secret of the fascination that his native land held for him.

Not only Russians in exile but also foreigners who have lived in Russia have felt the strange spell of the country. What is the reason for it? I have often, says Maj. Maurice Baring in the Puppet Show of Memory, found myself asking that question.

The country has little obvious glamor and attraction, and the picturesqueness peculiar to countries rich in historical traditions is absent in Russia; but beauty is not absent, though it is often obscure, and for that reason it is the more striking. The realization came home to me strongly in the summer of 1913. I was staying in a small wooden house in central Russia not far from a railway, but isolated from other houses and a fair distance from any village. The harvest was nearly done. The heat was sweltering; the country was parched and dry; and the walls and ceilings were black with flies.

Just at the cool of the evening there came out of the distance a rhythmical song that ended on a note that seemed to last forever; it was piercingly clear and clean. The music came a little nearer, and you could distinguish first a soloist chanting a phrase and then a chorus taking it up. Finally solo and chorus became one and reached a climax on a high note that grew purer and stronger and more and more long drawn out without any seeming effort until it died away. The tone of the voices was so high, so pure and at the same time so peculiar, strong and rare that at first it was hard to tell whether the voices were tenors, sopranos or boyish trebles. Both in range and in quality they were unlike the voices of the woman whom you usually hear in Russian villages.

The music drew nearer and filled the air with majestic calm. Presently in the distance beyond a dip between the trees and in the middle of the natural stage that the garden made I saw against the sky figures of women walking slowly in the sunset, carrying their scythes and their wooden rakes and singing as they walked. Once again the phrase began, and the chorus repeated it; and once again chorus and solo melted together in a high and long-drawn-out note that seemed to swell like the sound of a clarion and then to grow purer, more single, stronger and fuller till it ended suddenly and sharply as a frieze ends. The song seemed to proclaim rest after toil and satisfaction for labor accomplished. It was like a hymn of praise, a broad benediction, a grace sung for the end of the day: the end of the summer, the end of the harvest. It expressed the spirit of the breathless August evening.

The women walked past slowly and disappeared into the trees. My glimpse lasted only a moment, but it was long enough to start a train of thought and to call up pictures of rites, ritual and custom, of rustic worship and rural festival, of pagan ceremonies older than the gods.

## GIVING THE BEAR A HINT

"SOME kettle, I'll say!" remarked the tenderfoot as he inspected the utensil that his guide was scouring. "Pure cast-iron half an inch thick and weighs half a ton!"

"That kettle was made when men et strong vittles an' needed somethin' strong to cook 'em in," replied the old-timer. "Hulled corn, hominy, maple syrup, b'iled dinner, b'ar's meat, soft soap—I've seen 'em all in this old kettle. No, not all at once! My great-granddaddy brought that kettle on his back when he fust come to the wilderness, an' up to when I was a boy folks used to borrow it for ten miles round."

"I'll never forget one trip I made after that piece of iron," continued the old-timer as he hung the kettle on the branch of a tree. "A family that lived 'bout five mile away had it. Ma

wanted to make some bean porridge er some-thin' an' sent me to fetch the kettle home. 'Twas late in the fall, so the days were short. I had my gun along and fooled round huntin' as boys allus do, an' I got ketchin' in the dark comin' home. Then it begun to snow, an' I got turned round entirely. I finally made up my mind I'd got to sleep out."

"Wal, I was stubbin' along through the snow when I run up agin a fallen tree trunk. Feelin' round it, I found 'twas holler at the butt, an' I says to myself, 'I guess this'll do fer a tavern, only I'm afear'd they don't set a very good table.' And in I went. I found plenty of room, an' I must have crawled in fer twenty foot or so before I hit the back end. 'Twas nice an' warm in there, and I was jest gettin' sleepy when I felt the tree trunk shake, and somethin' come a-crawlin' into my bedroom!"

"It worked along till 'twas right near me an' then settled down with a satisfied grunt. 'Wal,' thinks I, 'I sure am bottled up now with a b'ar fer a stopper!'"

"'Twas 'bout time fer b'ars to den up fer winter. I didn't hardly think this chap had gone to bed fer good, but he might stay fer a week, an' I was liable to get hungry. I might have shot him, but he was wrong end to, and 'twas perty close quarters."

"Finally I got an idea. I'd gone in draggin' the kettle arter me, so 'twas between me and the b'ar. I had a full horn of powder, an' I poured it all in the kettle an' put the cover on. Then I set up as well's I could with my feet braced agin the end of the hole an' the kettle layin' on its side with the bottom agin my back an' the cover agin the b'ar."

"I had to work perty careful, I can tell ye. Then I lit a match, reached round an' dropped it in the kettle—I'd left the cover open a mite on the top side. I didn't b'lieve the old kettle would bust; I 'spected she might kick a leetle, and it seemed to me the b'ar might take the hint and leave there sudden-like. Wal, sir, right after I dropped that match I got the durndest jolt I ever had in my life. I never realized before that powder was so quick actin'."

"The smoke made it kind of close in the log, an' I couldn't feel the b'ar, so I crawled out. The moon was up then, so I could see somethin'. He'd left a good plain trail right off down a steep hill, an' jest as I got started to foller it I heard some one yell and found 'twas dad. You bet I wa'n't sorry."

"It seemed he an' marm was settin' before the fire when they heard somethin' that sounded like a thunder clap, and while they was a-wonderin' about that—whoosh, smash, slam-bang! a b'ar bust the kitchen door in an' lit ker-wollopse under the table with his neck broke! They was some s'prised, but they had an idea 'twas some o' my tricks; so dad come out to look for me."

"The log I'd crawled into wa'n't more'n a quarter of a mile from home, an' the butt happened to be sighted right for the house. That was the strongest mess ever cooked in the old kettle, an' I guess it'll stand makin' a rabbit stew for supper. Suppose we try it."

## PIANISSIMO!



The Enthusiast—Mark my words, we shall hear more of th's violinist.  
The Philistine—Not tonight, I hope.  
—Higgins in London Opinion.

## A BREACH OF RANGE ETIQUETTE

THE cowboy artist, Mr. Will James—whose work, by the way, has appeared in The Companion—contributes to Scribner's Magazine an interesting account of his experiences on the plains. Mr. James's style is picturesque; he writes as he talks.

I used to know a big cowman, he says, who'd been fairly free with the running iron at one time and had done a heap of rustling. Many a head he'd lost the same way afterwards. Those he caught were dealt mighty hard with, and he'd have expected the same if he'd ever made that fatal mistake, but he was lucky enough not to.

One day a "nester" who had drifted in from the other side of the plains and settled on one of his creek bottoms finds himself and family run out of bacon or any sort of meat. He ups and shoots a fine yearling, takes the hind-quarters and leaves the rest in the hide for the coyotes or to spoil. One of the riders runs on to the carcass, and lucky there was no proof of who did it, for that kind of doings sure gets a rise from a cowhand. A little over a month later another yearling is butchered the same way; but the hide is gone, and that's what makes it interesting.

It was found under the nester's little haystack. There's nobody home just then. The cowman who found the evidence had changed many an iron and earmark in his early start, (as I've mentioned before) but never had he played hog and left any perfectly good beef to spoil on the range, and he figures to teach that country-spoiling *hombre* a few lessons in range etiquette. About sundown he catches up with him and family just when the wagon and team reaches the mussel-shell bottoms, where there's fine big cottonwoods. A carbine stares the "nester" in the face, and at the same time the cowman produces a piece of the hide bearing his iron and asks him to account for it. The man on the wagon is too scared to speak or move; so are the rest back of his seat.

The cowman uncoils his rope, plays with it awhile, and pretty soon a little wildcat loop settles neat around that nester's neck. He's drug off his seat and close to one of them natural gullies; the rope is thrown over a limb, picked up again on the other side, and, taking his end to the saddle horn, the cowman goes on till that farmer's big feet are just about a yard off the ground. A squawk is heard from the wagon, and the whole family runs up to plead for the guilty party. They plead on for quite a spell, but the cowman acts determined and hard of hearing. When it's gone far enough, and that nester gets blue round the gills, the rope slacks up, and he sprawls down to earth. The cowman is right atop of him and tells him he's got his family to thank for to see the sun come up again. "And if I ever catch you leaving meat of my stock to spoil on the range again, I'll get you up so far you'll never come down, family or no family!" And he winds up with, "You can kill all of my beef you need, but just what you need and no more; do you hear? And I want you to produce the hides of them beeves too, every one of 'em!"

With that he rides off, and the nester's family is still trying to figure out what kind of folks are these "cow persons" anyway.

## A VICTIM OF UNJUST SUSPICION

A CERTAIN young man who lives in a Middle-Western city was made happy on his last birthday by the present of a handsome umbrella, given him by the lady whom he expects shortly to marry. On the first showery morning he proudly stepped forth from his door, umbrella in hand, and boarded a passing street car. He found a place on one of the cross seats at the front, across the aisle from a lady and her son, a bright-eyed child of six or seven.

The boy regarded the young man with frank interest and after he had sufficiently studied his face permitted his eyes to wander to the umbrella that the stranger carried. The child's countenance gained animation; he turned to his mother and in a shrill voice cried:

"Look, mamma, doesn't that look just like papa's umbrella that he lost?"

"Hush! Hush! Georgie!" whispered the mother warningly.

"Papa was looking for his umbrella just this morning," persisted the boy, staring hard at the young man.

"Yes! Yes! But he found it," said the lady, conscious that everyone in that end of the car was paying smiling attention to the dialogue.

"Why, mamma," said the child reproachfully, "you know he didn't find it. You told him he didn't know enough to keep an umbrella. Look, mamma, that is just the kind of handle—"

But at that moment the young man, considerably embarrassed, signaled the conductor and left the car.

## AS TO MERMAIDS

IN the "good old days" of our China trade, says Natural History, ship captains occasionally brought home with other curiosities a "genuine" mermaid. Those mermaids—that is, the best of them—were cunningly and carefully made by grafting the torso of a small monkey upon the body of a fish; scales were worked up into the body of the monkey, and hairs were planted among the scales of the fish, so that the line of junction was invisible. It was one of those "fabricated mermaids" that Barnum exploited so profitably in the early days of his museum. The once well-known humorist, "Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B.," writes of it thus in a lengthy parody on Hiawatha:

Barnum since has caught this mermaid;  
She is now a scaly mermaid;  
And the children who behold her,  
A'n't so green as was the mermaid,  
But they wink at her in passing.

Barnum's mermaid was antedated by one exhibited in London a few years earlier; it was said to have been taken by a Dutch vessel from a native Malacca boat, and from the reverence that the native sailors showed it doubtless it was intended to be a representation of one of their gods. So considerable were the profits that accrued from the exhibition that the mermaid became the subject of a suit in Chancery; but the fraud was soon detected, and it fell from its proud estate to be exhibited along with a learned pig in a penny show.

In these days it requires too much time and labor to make a really good mermaid; so to

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supply the demand the canny Japanese have put on the market an inferior substitute made almost entirely of *papier-mâché*; only the fins and the tail are real. Yet so much does man long for the spectacular that some of those *papier-mâché* mermaids have been brought to the Museum of Natural History for the purpose of ascertaining whether they are genuine!

A mermaid was brought to the museum a short time ago. The ravages of time (a mermaid of fifty cannot be expected to look so fair as one of fifteen) and lack of care had impaired her good looks, and like the doll in the story she had apparently "died of a broken heart and a very bad crack on the head," which was of *papier-mâché*. This mermaid represents an intermediate stage in the making of mermaids; perhaps we might call it a subspecies. The tail is that of a fish; the arms are those of a monkey, and the head and torso are of *papier-mâché*. The features are modeled from those of a child, and the jaws from those of a fish. Nevertheless, she is a good representative of an ancient family and can trace her ancestry back almost seven hundred years.

### OLD TUSKEGEE

THE bears of Yellowstone Park are famous for their courteous treatment of tourists. But old Tuskegee is not a bear but a bison; he has no high standard of politeness to uphold. He is the monarch of the herd and—so we learn from Mr. Lewis R. Freeman in Down the Yellowstone—is reputed to be the largest American bison alive. When he is impolite he is exceedingly poor company.

The old fellow, says Mr. Freeman, is estimated to weigh more than three thousand pounds, is covered with a network of scars from fighting and has only one eye and the remnant of a tail. He has been seen to give battle to three pugnacious bull elk at once and has killed numbers of them in single combat.

A few summers ago he left the herd and charged a coach full of tourists. The vehicle was nearly overturned by the plunging horses, one of which was gored so badly that it had to be shot, and the occupants, a party of New England school-teachers, were driven into frenzies of terror. Neither the bullets from a nickel-plated revolver in the hands of one of them nor the long, stinging whip of the driver nor even his stinging language affected Tuskegee in the least. He continued butting about among the frightened horses as if wrecking a six-in-hand coach were a part of his daily routine. At last, however, the shrieks of the women seemed to be too much for the old fellow, and, wheeling about, he galloped bellowing over the hill.

For two years the big herd gradually dropped to pieces and wandered about in leaderless fragments. Then one day a big bull elk was found crushed and torn and trampled into the mud of Violet Springs, and the scouts told one another that the king had returned. A few days later a soldier of the game patrol saw the reunited herd debouch from a cañon with old Tuskegee puffing proudly in the lead. His tail was stubbier than ever, the grizzled red hair was more patchy on the rump and more matted on the neck, and a new set of scars was crisscrossed and etched into the old set on his flanks. The former fighting spirit still flamed, and the trooper owed his life to the fact that the snow on the slope was deep, the crust was firm and his skis were well waxed.

A new superintendent was in charge, and his satisfaction at seeing the scattered herd once more united was so great that he stayed the order of execution. Since that time, strangely enough, Tuskegee has appeared to show his appreciation of the official clemency by behaving in a most exemplary manner.

### THE LONE BABY OF THE LONELIEST ISLAND

"BRITAIN'S loneliest island" is what the Rev. H. M. Rogers, in the London Times, recently called Tristan da Cunha, that little island midway between South Africa and South America, which possesses neither trade nor manufactures, and which is rarely visited by vessels. The inhabitants used to be certain of a visit once a year from an official gunboat with stores, mail and a doctor and a minister on board; but the tiny colony did not warrant the expense, and after due warning and after the people had been given an opportunity to leave the place, the boat was withdrawn. Despite certain hardships and the chance of famine most of the people elected to remain on the island, for they are simple folk who dearly love their homes.

"An opportunity for a gala day came to them in October," records Mr. Rogers, "for there was a unique christening; the first and only English baby ever born on Tristan was baptized in the tiny island church room. At day-break all the union jacks on the island, some five of them, were hoisted at various flag poles and on the roof of the tiniest parsonage in the world—the missionary resides in a small two-roomed wooden hut. The day was fine, and the people had put on their smartest clothes, which, having been procured from passing ships years ago, were curious and wonderful. Soldiers' and sailors' uniforms, dress suits, corduroys, dungaree and early Victorian ladies' garments gave

the impression that a fancy-dress ball was going on. The people like bright colors, and most of them wore a rosette of colored ribbon or carried a bouquet.

"The little school room at St. Mary's Church was decorated with flowers, and at three o'clock every one who could squeeze in to it entered to watch the missionary baptize his own baby. Leading Tristanites stood as sponsors. The whole population was eager to act in that capacity, but it was decided to limit the number to six—four for Tristan and two for England. As soon as the service was over there was tea drinking, and about a hundred people shook hands and gave the health in tea. A cake had been made, but, owing to the shortage of flour and raisins and the difficulty of getting milk, it was so small that it sufficed only for the sponsors and the parsonage folk. Every one else was promised a piece of cake when the next ship comes.

"Those who could find anything to give made up presents for the baby, and he was soon the possessor of almost half the money on the island—namely, an English half-crown and a sixpence. He received also several pairs of Tristan socks, some colored 'picture' handkerchiefs and several strange articles of headgear known as Tristan 'cappies,' worn by the children there. A metal teaspoon and an egg cup of elaborate pattern completed the collection."

The baby was named Edward, after the Prince of Wales who is extremely popular on that forgotten dot of British soil.

### A CROCODILE REPORT

RUNNING railways in India has certain drawbacks. Witness this report that the traffic superintendent of the Bengal Northwestern Railway at Sonpoor recently received from the native station master at Koparia:

"Resident Engineer Mansi saw other day a crocodile here in front of the station borrow pit, which contains water to a height of about ten feet and is broad forty feet; connected it is, become now only with Kosi River flood water. Two small and one their mother crocodile lie in it."

"Last night one big crocodile came on the station line at north end of platform and was lying. Pointman Kunja Mali was going for reception of forty down that he narrowly escape of its attack. Traffic inspector saw some days ago the crocodile injury to a kid, but could not shoot, for it went under the water."

"This is of course dangerous to public passengers who remain at station during night, unconsciously sleeping down on platform as well as to staff and their family and children. Please arrange!"

We hope that the matter has been arranged by this time, and that the mother crocodile and her two babies are not sitting on the platform, shedding crocodile tears for the station master.

### TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

AS the music of bagpipes is different from the music of any other instrument in the world, it is appropriate that the pipers should have a method of their own for writing down the tunes that they play. For example, says the London Chronicle, what musician with the usual education could make anything out of this:

*Hiundratatateriri, hiendatateriri, hiundratatateriri, hiundratateriri.*

Yet it is easy to play that on the bagpipes; that is, if you know how to handle them at all. Before musical notation was introduced for Highland pipe tunes the pipers used verbal equivalents for the notes. The piobaireachd "War of Peace," which has now been set to music, was taken down from the piper John MacCrummen of Skye, as follows:

*Hodroho, hodroho, haninin, hiechin, Hodroho, hodroho, hodroho, hachin, Hiendroho, hodroho, haninin, hiechin.*

And the tune was concluded with the little lilt set forth above.

Written down, this may seem to many of us a mere unintelligible jumble, but bagpipe players assert that when sounded by the pipers, with due regard for the rhythmic value of notes, it is a very different matter.

### NO RESPONSIBILITY

A MAN named Smith, says the Argonaut, made a financially successful marriage, only to find that in other respects the union was not satisfactory. Mrs. Smith repeatedly reminded her husband that she owned the silver, the furniture and so on until Smith almost wished he had married a poor girl.

The other night Mrs. Smith awoke and heard strange noises in the lower part of the house. Vigorously pushing her husband in the ribs, she called: "John, get up! There are burglars in the house."

"Eh?" inquired Mr. Smith sleepily. "Burglars! Downstairs!" hissed Mrs. Smith. "Burglars?" said Smith as he turned over. "Well, I don't own anything."



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## Concerning

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## MR. PEASLEE ON COMPENSATION

"DID you have a good time yest'day, visitin' your cousins?" asked Deacon Hyne as he settled himself slowly upon the trunk of the fallen apple tree. He had found Caleb Peaslee pottering about his orchard, for the apples were almost ready to be picked.

Caleb inspected a specked apple while he slowly chose the words of his reply. "I d'know whether to call it a good time or not," he said at last, throwing the apple into a basket of culls to be used for cider. "I saw Henry, and I found out a lot of things that was news to me. Henry ain't a gre't hand to write letters—his wife neither."

"How big is that new barn he's built?" asked the deacon. "Jote Whitcomb told me it was a big one—too big for six cows and a pair of hoes, he'd say."

"I d'know," said Caleb reluctantly. "I didn't get so far as to see it, to say nothin' of lookin' it over."

The deacon sat in puzzled silence. "I thought that was what you was lottin' on seein' mostly," he said after a few moments. "I hoped you could tell me somethin' about how his stanchions are rigged; I've got to do somethin' to hold that old Ayshire of mine or get rid of her for beef."

Caleb rose from his knees and seated himself by the deacon with a sigh of relief; he rubbed his aching muscles with the palms of his hands. "I ain't so young as I was when I started farmin' 'tis place forty-six years ago, Hyne," he said forlornly, "and I find out so when I try to stay on my knees and pick up apples more'n ten minutes at a time. And I see it in other ways too!"

"For instance," he admitted, searching among the rejected fruit for a mellow apple, "I s'pose when I started farmin' here I could go off for a day visitin' and feel reasonably certain I'd fetch up where I started for, do my errands, sech as they might happen to be, and get back home again without anything special takin' place to hinder me. Anyway I know I'd never have stopped five miles from home and spent all day there—from nine in the mornin' till five in the afternoon—and only got back home in time to do my milkin' by reason of kindness on the part of neighbors!"

The deacon grunted. "It's jest as I'm tellin' you," asserted Caleb firmly. "I had certain things to do yest'day, and I sot out from this house with all the intention in this world of doin' 'em and havin' a good time seein' folks I ain't seen for five years, some of 'em. And what do you s'pose?"

The deacon preferred hearing to supposing and said so.

"Fust place," said Caleb, "I was cal'latin' to drive up the south road and stop mebbe half an hour with Ben Tyler and his folks; I ain't seen him since last fair time, and I had a number of things I wanted to talk about: how his p'taters were comin' along and what I'd best do to curb the black knot on my cherry trees and a number of other little things I'd stored in my memory, 'gainst I should see him."

"Well, jest on the cant of the hill 'fore I come to the road a pa'tridge started up out of the bushes close by, and you know what a thunderin' noise a pa'tridge'll make. Well, 'fore I could gather up the reins the old hoss fetched a jump that all but hove me out of the wagon, and I heard a rip and a snap. I peeked out over the dash as soon's I got him calmed a mite, and there was one trace danglin'."

"There wa'n't anything to do but get out and fix it, so out I got, and whilst I was doin' that, who should come drivin' along but Ben Tyler, and he drove right past the end of his road and 'long to where I was. Seems he'd been down to the village and couldn't get what he wanted there; so he was goin' over to Dedham after it. He hitched his hoss and helped me mend the trace, and then we clim' up into his wagon and sot there and visited I should say an hour; I couldn't have done better if I'd gone up to his place."

"Next thing I was lottin' on doin' was to stop at Fred Bangs's and buy that hand-power cider mill he's got; and half a mile this side of his place I met him and his whole fam'ly in the carryall. I halted him and told him what I wanted, and fust off he wouldn't hear to sellin' it; but after a spell he agreed to let me have it, but he put a price on it I hated to pay."

"And you'll have to load it alone," s'he, 'for there ain't a soul there to help you."

"I chanced it and drove down there, and when I'd backed the wagon up to the mill and hefted one corner I see plain 'nough it wa'n't a one-man job to load it. So after a spell I give up the notion and got in and drove off. That made two things I'd planned to do, and I hadn't made out to carry either one of 'em through."

"A mile further along I pulled into Chad Burney's to water my hoss at his trough, and I was tellin' him about not gettin' Bangs's mill, and he spoke up, and s'he, 'I've got one mebbe 'll do you if you don't want too big a one,' he says, and his price was ten dollars less'n Bangs wanted. So when I looked it over we traded in less than a minute; it was jest what I wanted. I told him I'd get it when I come back along,

for you can see I didn't want to haul it clear to Henry's and back again when there wa'n't any need of it."

"I s'pose likely that start the pa'tridge give the old hoss hadn't got all worked out of his mind," said Caleb reflectively, "for after I'd left Chad's and was within two miles of Henry's place I got out a minute to fasten up the tail board that was down and flappin', and when I slammed it up to make it ketch the hoss made a jump and started. I wa'n't where I could ketch his head, not bein' able to move as quick as I could forty years ago, and 'fore I knew what he was up to he was runnin' away, and I was standin' there in the road, hollerin' 'Whoa!' till he was out of hearin'!"

"I was put out with myself! 'Here you be,' I says to myself, 'with no strength to load a cider mill alone and so stiff in your j'int's you can't ketch holt of a hoss's head when he starts to leave you, takin' all day to get eight miles from home and a good prospect of stayin' right here and not seein' Henry at all! I was p'voked enough!"

"There wa'n't anything for me to do but to walk after the hoss or to set down and wait till somebody came by to give me a lift; so down I sot!"

"I'd been there mebbe twenty minutes—but time goes slow—when up the road to'rds Henry's I heard the noise of a wagon that sounded like mine, and, sure 'nough, in a minute it come in sight round the turn with Henry drivin' it and leadin' his hoss and buggy behind. He was peerin' both sides of the road kind of sober, but he brightened up when he saw me roostin' on that rock, alive and sound. The hoss had turned in at his place when it got there, and he knew it and came along back with it."

"So he hauled out to one side, and after I'd told him how it all happened we just sot to and had our visit out. He told me all I wanted to know: how his folks are doin' and when the boy is comin' home from the city and what he cal'lates to do with so big a barn—the boy and he are goin' to have twenty cows and farm with an engine—and a lot of other things you wouldn't care about."

"But it all fetched home to me," said Mr. Peaslee, "that I ain't by no means what I was once. Them days I could go on a trip and do what I started to, and it took somethin' to hinder me! 'Tain't so now, I guess."

The deacon pondered. "You managed to see ev'rybody you started to," he remarked slowly, "and you saved ten dollars on 'count of not bein' able to lift like a young man, and you didn't drive so far by two miles as you figgered on. I don't see that you've got very much to complain of."

"You look at it that way, too, Hyne," Mr. Peaslee said placidly. "I wondered if you would; it seemed that way to me, too."

## BARGAINING IN CHINA

EVERY day is bargain day in China. At least that is the impression you get from Mr. William L. Hall's account in Asia of a fortnight on a cargo boat. The Chinese love to bargain, and the lack of a uniform monetary system adds zest to the sport.

This afternoon, says Mr. Hall, a man ran along the bank for more than half an hour, trying to sell a backlog of red turnips. Before the sale was made nine men took part in the bargaining. In China "one hundred cash" does not always mean one hundred pieces of money. In order to stimulate trade different villages have different rates, and weights and scales vary everywhere. After the price of the turnips had been settled the men had to go over the ground again to decide whether payment should be made in cash ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight or one hundred pieces to the hundred. Each man who had helped with the trade wanted the peddler to have the number usually given in his own home town, and none could see justice in any other figure.

At last they decided that the man should be paid in the amount current in his own village. Then he had to wait till some one who could vouch for the truth of his statement came along. After the money, which amounted to less than five cents, was paid the cook on our boat began to pick over the turnips, and on finding a decaying spot, reviled the peddler for his dishonesty. Then the man came running after us to say that the payment made to him was "two cash short." He was to have been paid ninety-eight to the hundred and had received only ninety-six!

He forced his company on us until the "two cash" were thrown to him. Then he went into another spasm of anger because one of the two was counterfeit and he could not spend it if anyone noticed it in a string of cash. A question was at once raised whether the coin that he declared to be a counterfeit was the one given him or one that he had been carrying for days, waiting for just such a chance to palm it off on somebody.

And so it went. The transaction was not finally completed for hours.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

## Ingersoll Pencil

## \$300 Prize Contest Closed October 31st

When this contest was announced we promised to publish results in a December issue of this magazine.

So many thousands of letters have been pouring into our office from boys and girls who are enthusiastic about the INGERSOLL PENCIL that the judges could not complete their task in time to announce the winners as promised.

However, they will be through shortly and prize winners will be announced in the Ingersoll Christmas window display. Look for this display in the windows of Jewelry stores, Drug stores, Stationery stores, Department stores and Sporting Goods Houses. Your name may be among the winners. All prizes will be mailed before Christmas.

GIVE your friends an Ingersoll Pencil for Christmas—they will appreciate it every day of the year. All models and prices, from 50c up—and Ingersoll Pencils are guaranteed.

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## THE COMPANION RECEIPTS

These receipts are gathered from original sources in America, Europe and Asia, and are fully tested under the supervision of The Companion

### HONEY GINGERBREAD

4 cupfuls of flour 2 generous teaspoonfuls of ground ginger ½ cupful of butter or a little preserved orange peel ½ cupful of milk ¾ cupful of honey 2 eggs 1 cupful of raisins and chopped preserved figs, or of raisins and dried cherries or other dried fruit

Sift together the flour, the baking powder and the ground ginger, place them in a mixing bowl and add the raisins and other dried fruit and the orange peel. Mix the ingredients well. Cream the butter with the honey and the eggs and mix it thoroughly with the milk. Add that to the other ingredients, beat the whole well for a few moments, place the dough in a well-buttered and well-floured tin and bake the gingerbread in a slow oven. While it is hot set it on several thicknesses of wet cloth, so that later you can readily remove the bread from the tin.

### BANANA PUDDING

1 pint of boiling water 4 tablespoonfuls of cornstarch 3 eggs a little cold water 3 bananas 1 pint of boiling milk 1 cupful of sugar a little salt

Dissolve three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch in cold water and add that to the boiling water. Separate the yolk of the eggs from the white, beat the white to a froth, and stir that into the boiling cornstarch and water. Stir the whole very fast, then turn into a mould alternate layers of the mixture and of sliced bananas. Make a custard from the boiling milk, the yolk of the eggs, well beaten, the sugar, one teaspoonful of cornstarch and the salt. Place the pudding in a glass dish. When the custard is cold put it on the pudding.

### BLACK-CAP PUDDING

raisins or prunes 1 teacupful of dry rice water butter sugar and butter, syrup or plain pudding sauce

Butter a pudding dish, cover the bottom of it with the raisins or the prunes and pour the rice on them. The amount of rice here given is sufficient for a dish that holds a pint of water. Tie a cloth tight over the dish and place it in boiling water. Boil it for one hour, then turn it out, so that the prunes or the raisins—the "black cap"—make a top covering for the rice. Serve the pudding with sugar and butter, syrup or pudding sauce.

### ROUND-STEAK ROAST

a thick round-steak salt a lump of butter pepper 1 chopped onion 3 cupfuls of soft bread crumbs 1 egg

Sprinkle salt and pepper on the steak. Mix the bread crumbs with the butter, the onion and the egg and season the whole with salt and pepper. Spread the mixture over the meat, roll up the steak, skewer it, and bake it in a covered roasting pan until it is tender.

### FRICADILLANS

1 cupful of cold cooked ham chopped fine ½ cupful of cold boiled rice ½ cupful of bread crumbs 2 eggs 1 cupful of milk

Soak the bread crumbs and rice in the milk to make a smooth batter; add the ham and beaten eggs. Grease muffin pans with three times as much lard as would be used for muffins. Pour the mixture into the pans and bake the portions until they are firm enough to keep their shape when turned out. Allow them to stand two minutes after removal from the oven; then slide a knife around each one. These will serve six persons.

### CREOLE CREAM

custard powdered sugar pineapple cream maraschino cherries

Make a rich custard sweetened with powdered sugar and stir into it bits of pineapple. Freeze the mixture until it stiffens slightly; then add a good-sized cup of cream and a little of the liquid from a bottle of maraschino cherries. Finish freezing the cream, then pack it in a mould and garnish it with the cherries.



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## NUTS TO CRACK

### 1. ARITHMOREM

An arithmorem is a problem in long division in which the digits have been replaced by the letters of a certain word. The consecutive letters of the word represent the digits in their natural sequence from 0 to 9. By examining the problem carefully you will be enabled to find out what digit each letter represents and so to discover the key word.

IPC) LCMGIP (EAM  
LGLT  
MLTI  
GIMG  
GLGP  
GFCM  
HCM

### 2. TRANSFORMATIONS

By changing one letter at each step and making a new word each time change

Watch into Clock in eleven steps.  
Wheat into Bread in eight steps.  
Black into White in seven steps.  
Bird into Nest in five steps.  
Lead into Gold in three steps.

### 3. ZIGZAG PUZZLE

If the following definitions are correctly guessed and the words then placed below one another, the two zigzags will spell two words of much the same significance. One word means problems of a certain kind, and the other means riddles. A kind of tree, an air, dimension, a town near the Adriatic, two thousand and fifty-one, a place to sit, large bodies of water.

### 4. BOOK-LOVER'S PUZZLE

The primals and the finals give the names of two well-known American writers, a man and a woman. One of the prophets, fragrance, an army officer, a mistake, a sacred mountain, a blaze, upright, a ruler in India, a girl's name, one of the United States, pertaining to vision, a fresh-water fish, to avoid, a frolicsome leap, a fertile spot, public, a Greek philosopher, a part of the arm, a continuous range of hills.

### 5. CONTINUED SQUARE

In this figure each dotted line represents a word, and each dot a letter. Guess the words from the definitions, set them down in order, and you will have a continued word square that corresponds to the figure. Each word in the entire square appears in both perpendicular and transverse position.

..... A particular period of time.  
..... A firearm.  
..... To go in.  
..... Part of the body.  
..... A kind of puzzle.  
..... Employment.  
..... To cut in two.  
..... Just before.  
..... Horses used to relieve others.  
..... A monkey.  
..... An adverb.

### 6. TRANSPOSITIONS

Fill up the blanks with words composed of the same letters, differently arranged. When there are two blanks one word is divided into two.

1. She made an entry in her — and laid it on a shelf in the —.
2. Are — very high in —?
3. Because he knew that the President would — that bill, he did not — for it.
4. I knew that — was not to —.
5. How I love —, he is my chosen companion —.
6. — and — wore dresses of — brown.

### 7. RIDDLE

In offices and schools  
I'm found. I'm everywhere;  
I'm dangerous if I'm broken,  
So handle me with care.

Sometimes I have three feet,  
But ne'er a step I travel.  
Now see what you can do  
This riddle to unravel.

### 8. RIDDLE-CHARADE

My first is present, my next is past,  
And each is done with the eye;  
My whole is ridden both high and low,  
With pleasure low and high.  
It travels up and it travels down  
But never a foot 'twixt town and town,  
Never an inch on any road,  
But ever briskly up and down  
It bears its happy load.

### 9. ZIGZAG ANIMALS

Find the words indicated in the following list and set them one above another in the proper order. Start at the left-hand top of the column and read the primal and the final of alternate words; then at the right-hand top proceed in the opposite way. You will obtain the names of two tropical animals.

A wise saying; a kind of nut; a public conveyance; an evasion; work; one of the United States; a gem; a river in France.

### 10. ENIGMA

I'm pale and most unpopular;  
No human can be found to love me.  
But harm me not! Behead me, and  
Immediately there're numbers of me.

### 11. THE BIRTHDAY FIELD

It was the whim of a certain wealthy man to lay out his land in many fantastic ways. When he came to the last field of all he said to the landscape gardener:

"This shall be my birthday field, because the house where I was born used to stand on this spot. I was born on the nineteenth day of the ninth month. Set out nineteen trees in nine straight rows to commemorate that fact."

It was a difficult task for the gardener, but he did it. How?

### 12. TWO ANIMALS

If you will replace the dots with the proper letters, you will have three columns of letters. The first two columns, read downward, will spell the names of two animals. The words are indicated as follows: a deed, a share, a kind of quip, a period of time, a vehicle, skill.

### GENERAL WAYNE'S SCOUTS

"MAD Anthony" Wayne's memorable victory over the Indians of the Northwest at Fallen Timbers on August 20, 1794, which secured the peaceable possession of the Northwest Territory to American settlers, was owing in part to the general's skillful use of scouts, who kept him informed of the movements of the enemy. The American forces had penetrated into the wilderness beyond hope of help in case of need; they were in the very heart of the Indian country beyond the scene of General St. Clair's overwhelming defeat three years before. But never at any moment was there danger of a surprise attack. Wayne's force of scouts, composed of friendly Indians and of white men as cunning in frontier warfare as the Indians themselves, swept the forest on every side of the army and flitted through the sombre darkness of the wilderness into the very camps of their watchful and treacherous foes.

Among those spies were two brothers, Henry and Christopher Miller, whose history contains an incident of peculiar interest. While boys both had been captured by Indians and had grown to manhood among them. At last Henry had decided to break away from his savage life and tried to persuade Christopher to return with him to the white settlements. But Christopher's heart was with the Indians, and he refused to leave them. Henry had slipped quietly away and eventually joined General Wayne's army on its march against the tribes of the Western Confederacy.

In June, 1794, General Wayne was anxious to question some Indian fresh from the ranks of his foes. Accordingly William Wells, Henry Miller and a third spy named Robert McClellan, famous for his fleetness of foot, were ordered to go out and bring in a live Indian. Slipping silently through the forest along the Auglaize River, they spied three Indians roasting venison by a fire in an open space not far from the river bank. A fallen tree top enabled them to creep up unobserved to within seventy yards of their victims. It was agreed that Wells and Miller should fire at the two Indians farthest from the fire, and that McClellan should rush forward and seize the third.

As the two rifles rang out the two Indians dropped in their tracks. McClellan bounded forward with only a tomahawk in his hand. Without waiting to regain his rifle, the remaining Indian ran for the river and leaped down the bluffs twenty feet to marshy ground. McClellan sprang after him and seized him before he could escape from the bog. The others soon came to McClellan's aid and found to their astonishment that their prisoner was a white man and no other than Miller's own brother Christopher!

The scouts led their prisoner back to camp, where he soon became reconciled to the change, accepted the whites as his comrades and took an active part in helping them win the battle of Fallen Timbers.



## HAROLD BELL WRIGHT'S NEW NOVEL THE MINE WITH The IRON DOOR

*A Glorious Adventure  
Romance of the  
Arizona Mountains*

IT is a romance of adventure that Harold Bell Wright tells you in this novel. The scene is laid in the Catalina Mountains of Arizona. Strange stories drift about that region, and thither many men have come — Spaniards, explorers, priests, Indians, cattlemen and adventurers from every land — who have mounted its heights, up and up under the wide skies, over the vast deserts, upon the wild mountains, to the mighty Candæ del Oro — the Cañon of Gold. Today men still hear of the great lost mine, the "mine with the iron door."

A man wanders into this cañon, up its trail as the sun is sinking. The only eye to see him is that of an Indian standing silhouetted against the sky, a figure of mystery and romance and adventure.

This scene, with the lonely figure in the majestic open, preludes the story of heroism, of love, of human hearts, of glorious adventure that Harold Bell Wright tells.

You come to know the man, the fears he is fleeing, the hopes which unfold in the days which follow; you come to know the girl he finds up there at the end of the trail, a fragrant blossom of womanhood raised under the open skies; you come to know the girl's quaintly picturesque guardians, two old miners and "Dr. Jimmy," a typically endearing character. And that mystery of the girl Marta's past, that evil which clutches at her, are parts of the life that Harold Bell Wright so inimitably portrays in this romance of high hopes and valiant living.

**OUR OFFER** Send us \$2.50 for one new yearly subscription (not your own) for The Youth's Companion with 50 cents extra and we will present you with a copy of The Mine with the Iron Door, by Harold Bell Wright, sending the book to you postpaid. Regular price of the book is \$2.00.

NOTE: The book is given only to present subscribers to pay them for introducing the paper into a home where it has not been taken the past 12 months.

## THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

881 Commonwealth Avenue

Boston, Massachusetts



**THE YOUTH'S COMPANION** is an illustrated weekly paper for all the family. Issued weekly by the Perry Mason Company, The Youth's Companion, Publication Office, Rumford Building, Ferry Street, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and business offices, 881 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. Subscription price is \$2.50 a year, in advance, including postage prepaid to any address in the United States and Canada, and \$3.00 to foreign countries. Entered as second-class matter, Nov. 1, 1923, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Youth's Companion

Publication Office

Rumford Building, Ferry St., CONCORD, N. H.

Subscription, Editorial and Business Offices

881 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

### TETANUS

**L**OCKJAW was formerly the popular name of tetanus, but the term is falling out of use, and properly so, for lockjaw is only one of the symptoms and is an inconstant one.

Tetanus is marked by exaggerated jerkiness and more or less generalized muscular contraction. The disease is caused by a germ, the tetanus bacillus, which usually gains entrance to the body through a wound, especially a punctured or lacerated wound, and it occurs with greatest frequency in farming districts, and especially in those places where the soil is not naturally rich or where it has been exhausted by prolonged cultivation and has to be highly manured to make it productive. Tetanus was a frequent complication of gunshot wounds in Flanders and northern France during the Great War, not only because the wounds were of such character as to make it almost impossible to cleanse them properly but also and chiefly because they were contaminated with the bacillus-laden soil of those intensely cultivated farming lands. Before the Fourth of July became "safe and sane" there used to be many cases following wounds from blank-cartridges, exploding cannon crackers and the caps in toy pistols. In a few cases the disease occurs apparently without any previous wound, but almost always careful questioning will elicit the history of a scratch or a prick from a pin or tack—injuries so slight as to have passed from memory.

The first symptoms may appear in a day or two after the injury, or they may not appear for two or three weeks. They usually consist of a little stiffness in the muscles of the neck and face, accompanied with difficulty in swallowing. Soon the stiffness increases, and there is spasmodic contraction of those muscles and those of the rest of the body also. The contractions, which are exceedingly painful, are excited by insignificant causes: a mere touch, a draft of air, a jarring of the bed by the passing of a vehicle in the street or even a sudden flash of light.

Treatment of tetanus is a difficult and almost hopeless task. The wound should be thoroughly irrigated with an antiseptic solution, and, if it is deep-seated or has ragged edges, it should be freely opened, and its surface should be pared away with a sharp knife. At the same time an injection of tetanus antitoxin should be given under the skin. Of course every wound need not be so heroically treated, but only those that are contaminated with the soil of cultivated fields or the dirt of city streets.

In a developed case the patient should be kept in a darkened room away from noise and jars and saved all unnecessary movements. The use of narcotics is called for to relieve the pain and to insure quiet, and large doses of the tetanus antitoxin are injected. Other methods of treatment that have been recommended and often used with success are injections of a solution of sulphate of magnesium (Epsom salts) or of carbolic acid. But preventing the disease is much easier than treating it.

### THE SPORTSMANSHIP OF BARBARA

**"W**HAT I don't understand," Kathleen Davis said, "is why you are all so crazy about Barbara Manning. Why is she so attractive?"

"She's a game sport!" Lou Grandin replied. "We've never known anyone who was such a through and through sport as Barbara."

"You mean she's plucky?"

"Plucky nothing! Any girl is plucky who's worth her salt! No; what I mean is that she plays the game, whatever the game happens to be, in the way that's fairest for everybody."

"For example, her orange frock!" Anna Harlan exclaimed.

"Yes, her orange frock. She'd got it for a special reception, and it was a stunner; Barbara has plenty of money, you know. Though she

isn't what you'd call a beauty, with her dark hair and her splendid height she's something to look at in that gown. But the day before the reception she happened to discover that Anna was going to wear pink, and I orchid—the only thing I had. And we were all to stand together! In a flash she saw what that orange gown would do to us! So she came in a blue that she had worn twenty times at least."

"And tell about the time she spoke," said Lys Shelly.

"It was at a social workers' conference," Lou continued. "Barbara's a popular speaker partly because of her personality and partly because she talks sense. She isn't brilliant like Zoe Candler, but people like her. Well, Barbara and Zoe were scheduled to speak. Zoe came first, and she ran 'way over into Barbara's time. She disregarded the signal—she would, you know. Usually in a case like that the next speaker runs over too. Barbara talked fast, but the bell caught her right in the middle of her argument. She didn't even finish her sentence—just snapped it off, gave a little wave of her hand to the audience and sat down. I tell you they applauded her!"

"It's the same way in everything—athletics or dramatics or whatever she's doing; it's the whole thing she's thinking about. She'd be willing to work behind the scenes always, if she thought she could help most there. That's Barbara Manning!"

"I think," Kathleen said, "I shall like her."

### THE AMERICAN DISCIPLINE

**E**NGLISH naval officers were delighted with the prompt appearance of American destroyers in European waters after the United States had declared war on Germany and have many times expressed their admiration of the effective way the boats carried out their assignments. The English officers, however, must have been amused many times by the lack of formality they detected in the discipline of the "gobs" on the American vessels. Capt. J. G. Sutherland in *At Sea With Joseph Conrad* tells an incident illustrative of their free and easy ways.

A commander, he writes, had just completed adjusting the compass of an American destroyer when he politely asked the lieutenant in charge if he would kindly lend him a binocular. The lieutenant shouted down the forward hatchway, "Anybody down there?"

"Yes," came the answer.

"Well, say," continued the lieutenant, "one of you go down to my cabin, and in the middle drawer on the right-hand side you'll find a pair of binoculars. Bring 'em right along."

"It shall be done just exactly as you say, lieutenant," was the reply.

It is easy to imagine the difference on board a British warship, where a bluejacket would have bounced up a ladder two steps at a time and, on reaching the top, would have sprung smartly to attention, saluted and with an "Aye, aye, sir," carried out his instructions. There's an old saying, "Different ships, different long splices," and I suppose it is the same with nationalities: "Different countries, different customs."

### HE FORGOT THE COMBINATION

**A** COLORED man was driving along the road in a ramshackle buggy drawn by a bony, spavined old horse, says Everybody's, when a stranger hailed him:

"Hello, uncle! Can you get me to the station in time for the next train?"

"No, suh; I don't believe I kin, suh. This is a broken-down ol' cavalry hawse. You can't git him offen a walk nohow."

"Huh! You say he's an old cavalry horse? Let me drive him."

The man clambered upon the seat and took the reins. "Make ready!" he called out sharply. "Charge!"

The old horse pricked up his ears and broke into a gallop. As they reached the station the man shouted, "Halt!" The horse obeyed. The man flipped old John a quarter.

The next day two young men stopped John and asked him to take them to the station as quickly as possible.

"Suttinly, gen'l'men," said John. "Git right in." He gathered up the reins and shouted: "Make ready! Charge!" The horse broke into a gallop and soon reached the station.

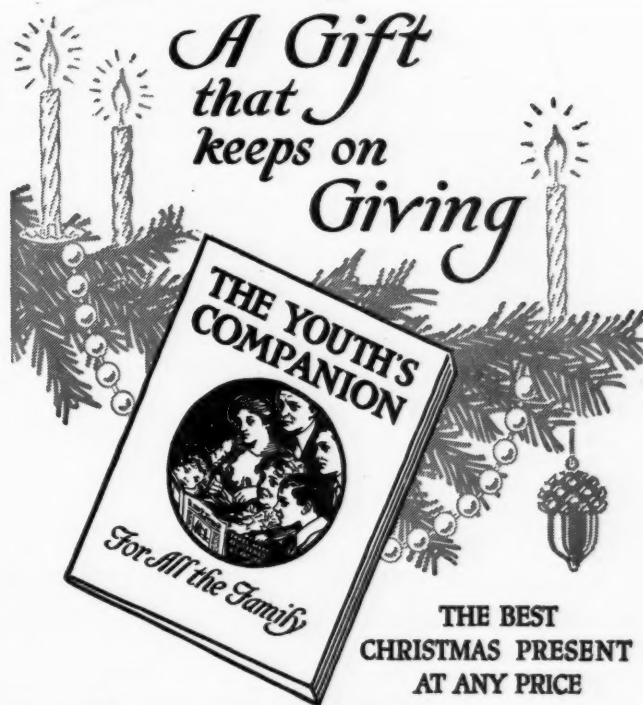
"Git ready to jump, gen'l'men," John, looking frightened, shouted to his fares. "I've done forgot de word what stops him."

### HE SHOULD HAVE LOOKED THE GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH

**A** LADY, says the Argonaut, upon whose child Velpeau, the great French surgeon, had performed a difficult operation, called upon him, full of gratitude, and presented him with a pocketbook that she had embroidered with her own hands.

Velpeau received the testimonial crustily, saying that it was a beautiful pocketbook and all that, but that his necessities demanded something more substantial. "My fee," he said coldly, "is five thousand francs."

The lady very quietly opened the pocketbook, which contained ten one-thousand-franc notes, counted out five and, politely handing them to Velpeau, retired.



**For Boys — for Girls — for Parents**  
For all American Families  
who live with high ideals

### AN OPEN LETTER TO OUR FOLKS

Dear Friend:

The Christmas season is the finest of all the year. No other occasion prompts so many good impulses or gives an opportunity for the expression of so many evidences of thoughtfulness and regard for loved ones and friends. The brightly lighted shops, gay with their Christmas trimmings of red and green, the inviting display of gifts, the good-natured crowds, and the excited expectancy on the faces of the children as they gaze in wide-eyed wonder, make a picture that remains with us as one of the bright spots of the year.

It's a pity to turn such a season into a "nightmare" through last-minute hurry and scurry after gifts. Just a bit of thought devoted early to the question "what to give," and you will then be free to enter into the real spirit of the Christmas season.

We offer a suggestion. Make at least one gift of a Companion subscription this year. Write the address with your own renewal on the handy order blank folded into this issue of your paper. Mail at once with remittance and we will attend to all details, sending the paper in time for Christmas, with gift card if requested.

Very truly yours,

PERRY MASON COMPANY.

P. S. Remember that a copy of The Companion Home Calendar for 1924 goes to every recipient of a gift subscription and to the giver of it as well

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION - - - \$2.50  
YOUR RENEWAL AND  
ONE GIFT SUBSCRIPTION - \$4.00



PERRY MASON COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



## Can Your Smile Stand a "Close Up"?

—It all depends on your teeth and the dentifrice you use

**1. Wash your teeth—don't scour them**—Beauty in teeth is in their enamel, that thin protective covering. Avoid grit in a dentifrice, for grit scratches and scours the precious enamel of your teeth. Colgate's is a safe dentifrice to use.

**2. Wash teeth after every meal**—It is as important to remove food particles from teeth as it is to wash dishes and silver. In Colgate's a prepared chalk loosens clinging particles; a pure, mild soap gently washes them away.

**3. Use your dentifrice as a cleanser—not a "cure-all"**—

A Dentist, not a dentifrice, corrects and cures unhealthy mouth conditions. Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly. No curative claims are made.

**4. Massage your gums**—Many Dentists advise rubbing the gums with the tip of the finger covered with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, to help keep gums clean and firm.

**5. See your Dentist regularly**—twice a year, at least. His skilled examination will reveal any conditions that are not as they should be, and he will advise corrective measures if needed.

*Large tube 25c at your favorite store*



**CLEANS  
TEETH THE  
RIGHT WAY**

*Washes and Polishes  
Doesn't Scratch  
or Scour*

\*One Dentist recently wrote:  
"There are no 'cure-alls' in dentifrices. They are only cleansing agents performing the same function in the oral cavity that soap and water do for the hands."

(Name on request)

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture